CHRISTMAS, 1954

ANC DECEMBER 30, 1954 25¢

THE REPORTER

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Memo *from*

Max Ascoli

To: *The Reporter's* Readers

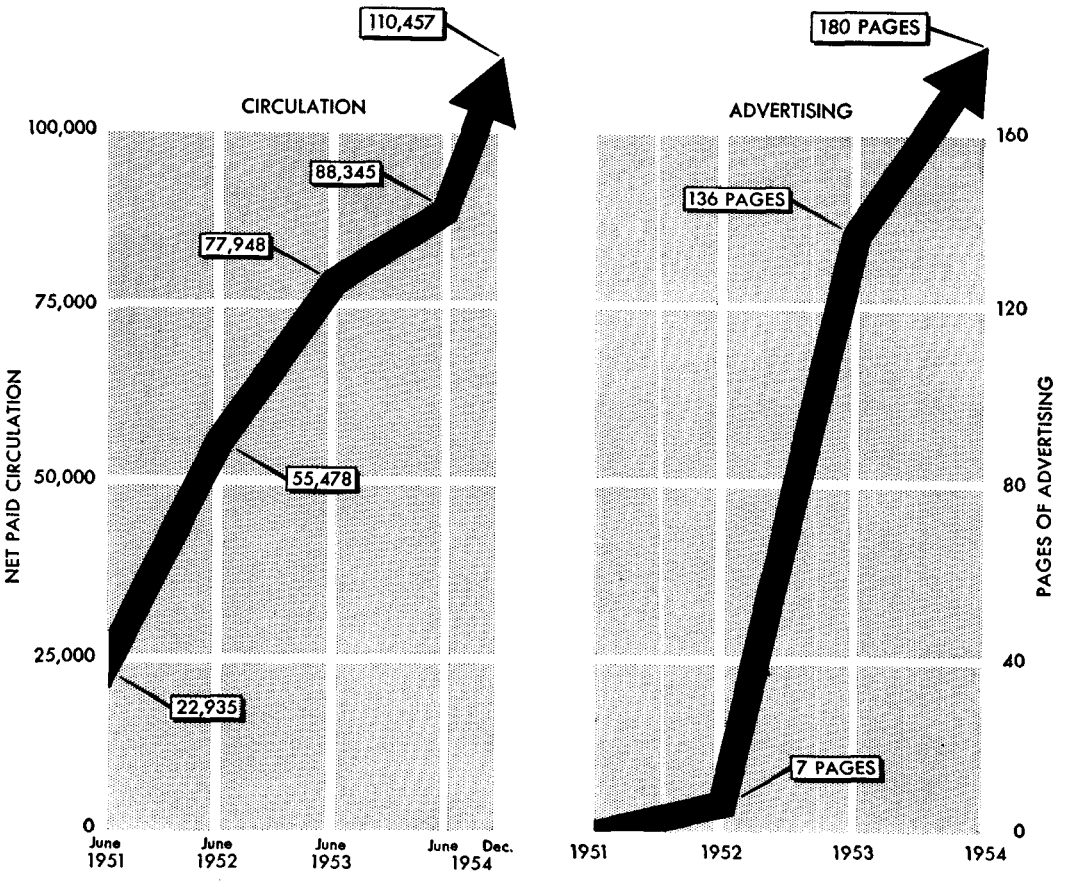
How is *The Reporter* doing?

Our readers have, in my opinion, a perfect right to ask this question. As Publisher of *The Reporter*, I consider them moral shareholders in this venture, for they are investing in it some of their money, their time, and their trust.

I am therefore glad to tell them that *The Reporter* has hit its stride and is doing increasingly well—as the charts below prove. I also want to add that in the total circulation, the proportion of subscriptions to newsstand sales is nine to one.

The Reporter has still a rough road ahead. But we never thought our job was easy. Our constant growth proves that we are on the right track, and indeed that we have traveled the hardest part of the road.

I am glad to inform our friends and our enemies that *The Reporter* is here to stay.



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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A New Day?

We had hoped that we would not be obliged to bring up again the so-called numbers racket—that is, the manipulation of figures purporting to show that Republicans are tougher on Communists than the Democrats were. But there has been a significant new departure.

On December 7, Senator McCarthy, after complaining for nearly ten months that he was being kept from more important duties of ferreting out Communists, got back to work—for exactly nineteen minutes. Before leaving Washington for an extended vacation, he dropped in on his committee and read a prepared statement accusing the President of softness toward Communism and hardness toward McCarthy. By mid-afternoon—still in time for the late editions—the White House had responded with one more tabulation of the Administration's score at Red hunting.

Next day, William Hines, the Washington *Star's* Sunday editor, suddenly noted an odd fact. The White House statement had reported that "Since this Administration has been in office the Attorney General . . . has . . . indicted one person for treason and convicted two for espionage." But the only person indicted for treason in recent years was John David Provoo, a soldier charged with giving aid and comfort to the Japanese at Corregidor. Provoo was accused of homosexuality and every other conceivable offense except Communism; furthermore, he was indicted and brought to trial back in the Truman Administration. Technically, he was re-indicted by Attorney General Herbert Brownell when an appellate court reversed his conviction on the ground of faulty prosecution.

This seemed an odd piece of ammunition to be throwing at McCarthy. Some of the other statistics proved equally odd. The two convictions for espionage turned out to be those of two former G.I.s arrested in Vienna, after considerable investigation, five days before the Eisenhower Administration entered office. Thirteen of the fifty Communist leaders whom it was claimed this Administration had convicted had received the jury's verdict one day after the President's inauguration. Twenty-eight more of these fifty had been indicted and seven brought to trial under the Democrats. The Republicans could properly take credit for indictment, trial, and conviction of only nine—the Philadelphia ring. Editor Hines wrote his story.

PRESIDENTIAL Press Secretary James C. Hagerty invited the reporters to his office. He pointed out that the verdict for the New York thirteen had been brought in on January 21, 1953, and "in all fairness" would have to be credited to the new Administration. As for Provoo, he explained that no one had said all these people were Communists. The Press Secretary adopted a generous view. The fight against Communists, he emphasized, was a "continuing job . . . a twenty-four-hour, seven-days-a-week, fifty-two-weeks-a-year job." The FBI had been boring into Communist cells as far back as the days of Roosevelt.

A White House reporter started to ask if that meant the anti-Communist drive was not really a Republican accomplishment.

"At no time have I, the Attorney General, or the President claimed party credit for all the Justice Department action against subversives," Hagerty broke in.

Some of those present listened with awe. Never had a Republican Administration spokesman gone so far. Probably it was because McCarthy had vanished into the wilderness.

The Haunted Library

Mr. Harrison Smith exploded in righteous anger when the Library of Congress, which had invited him to participate in a broadcast on Sinclair Lewis, sent him a prepared script of what he was to say. "I speak for myself, not words written by someone else," said Mr. Smith. "Have they got a new kind of Univac machine down there into which you insert a card marked 'Sinclair Lewis' and a slickly written symposium comes rolling out?"

Mr. L. Quincy Mumford, Librarian of Congress, then had the bad luck to say that it was only a "matter of mechanics" and to explain that the draft had been prepared in accordance with Library policy of trying to relieve participants of work.

"This looks like censorship in advance," declared Mr. Smith.

Here is a ticklish problem. We live in an age of prefabricated literature, and many of the ghost writers are both intelligent and honest in the services they perform for equally intelligent and honest men who find it necessary to be relieved of work for which they are not fitted. We have even heard rumors that some magazines actually hire people for the specific purpose of touching up other people's prose a little bit here and there. Mr. Smith is associate editor of the *Saturday Review,* and perhaps he has heard the rumors too.

All in all, we are inclined to be lenient toward Mr. Mumford on the charge of "censorship in advance." But we are shocked to discover that the Library of Congress—of all

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AND AFTER CHRISTMAS . . .

Dear Lord, You heard Him crying as He died:
Forgive them, for they know not what they do!
And You forgave us then because You knew
That on His cross we all were crucified.
Yet now we ask the Father and the Son:
Forgive us, for we know what we have done.

Forgive us, for we know now what we do,
There is no pardon now for ignorance,
We make the season and the circumstance
Of which our sins become the residue.
And so we ask this greater thing of You:
Forgive us, for we know now what we do.

We know the sum of immoralities
That crucify the good and kill the brave,
We roll in place the separate stones that pave
The avenue to our calamities.
And so upon our knees we beg of You:
Forgive us, for we know now what we do.

We know, dear Lord; and knowing has become
For each of us his private agony,
For each of us his own Gethsemane,
Where we must sacrifice or we succumb.
And so we ask this of Your Son and You:
Forgive us, for we know now what we do.

—SEC

places—is apparently unaware that there are still an invaluable few men in public life who neither want nor need ghost writers.

Headshrinking for the Young

We have not yet received our review copy of the latest *Girl Scout Handbook*, but Louis Lyons, Curator of the Neiman Fellowships at Harvard University, took time on one of his recent broadcasts over WGBH in Boston to compare a former edition with it. His findings indicate that the national leadership of the G.S.A. has unhappily kept its word to the American Legion, which had attacked its publications, and failed to keep faith with its own traditions.

Item: The "One World" badge of the 1953 edition has become the "My World" badge.

Item: "You are preparing yourself for world citizenship" (1953 edition page 190) now reads, "You are preparing yourself to be a friend to all."

Item: In the chapter on international friendship (1953 edition, page 211) there used to be a sentence reading, "Start now by making new friends among those you think you do not like." That sentence now ends with the word "friends."

Item: "Make up a quiz game on the UN" has been changed to "Make up a quiz game on the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts."

Electronic Laughter

Variety, that bible of show business, reports from Hollywood about the laugh machine invented by a CBS-TV technician named Charlie Douglas. Six control levers can produce, they say, anything from a "tiny titter to a crescendo of howls," though it "requires skilled timing lest yocks get out of hand and spill over to next laughter or titter."

We should have been exposed to the spurious long enough now to be immune to shock. And yet it strikes us that Mr. Douglas's gadget, convenient as it may be to producers, removes the last function left to a nation of spectators: the right to express amusement in one's own volume and at one's own time, or to participate in that resounding silence which is the burial of a bad joke.

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CORRESPONDENCE

OPERA

To the Editor: Hitting the Metropolitan Opera with the wonders of foreign opera companies has become a little old-fashioned by now. In the first paragraph of his article "La Scala, Where Opera Is Alive" (*The Reporter*, December 2) Martin Mayer says that "the sight of an entirely formal audience" is "rare in the United States." He must never have been at the Metropolitan on a Monday evening, when nearly all the gentlemen on the orchestra floor, in every box, and in most of the grand tier are in white or black tie and the ladies dressed accordingly. There are twenty Monday nights in the subscription. These, plus opening night, a number of first performances, Guild and other benefits where formal dress is the order, add up to about the number of gala nights at La Scala. Patrons in the upper sections do not wear evening clothes, nor do they at La Scala.

I am at a loss to know what Mr. Mayer means by "unfashionable old operas" which, he says, the Metropolitan "never revives." Perhaps *Cosi Fan Tutte, Don Carlo, Fidelio,* and *Alceste* don't fall in this category, all of which have been restored for the past four years.

Mr. Mayer refers to the Metropolitan staff as spending "half the year trying to extract cash from rich Patrons of Art." Not a moment of the Metropolitan's staff, including the general manager, is spent trying to raise money over what comes in at the box office. Fund raising is exclusively the responsibility of the board of directors and entirely outside the management's activities.

About the only correct statement in the article is "Americans who go to operas generally wish to hear what they heard ten or twenty years ago." It might have been added, in the interest of the whole picture, that exactly the same applies to audiences elsewhere. With huge civic and state subsidies, La Scala can afford to put on and does put on a number of contemporary works every season. This is the duty of a subsidized house and is laudable. It is equally true that attendance at a performance of modern works at La Scala is about as bad as it is here.

When Mr. Mayer undertakes to cite statistics at the Metropolitan he really lays himself open. "Last year," he says, "the Met opened with Gounod's *Faust*, under the leadership of Pierre Monteux. Monteux shortly found better things to do—but *Faust* was a hit, so the Met turned it over to other conductors and played it throughout the season." We had ten performances of *Faust* in New York last season, eight of which were conducted by Mr. Monteux distributed throughout the season. The other two were conducted by one of our associate conductors during Mr. Monteux' absence.

Altogether, La Scala has a completely different system of operation, as Mr. Mayer, in one of his rare flashes of accuracy, points out. La Scala concentrates most performances of a work within a short period, say a month or so. It is, therefore, much easier to keep both conductor and cast together for that period. Like most Italian opera houses, La Scala works on the *stagione* principle, by which a particular cast is assembled for a particular work. The Metropolitan, on the other hand, works on an ensemble principle and on the basis of a huge subscription system which is its economic foundation.

Mr. Mayer makes the following statements on rehearsals: "La Scala's 150 rehearsals for twenty operas contrasts with the Met's seventy for twenty-five operas and Vienna's twelve to fifteen for fifty operas." I am unaware of La Scala's schedule but, if for no other reason than the general misinformation in which Mr. Mayer indulges, I think his figures are open to question. The Metropolitan, last season, had not seventy but eighty-seven orchestra rehearsals. To have somebody say that the Vienna Opera has only twelve to fifteen orchestra rehearsals for fifty operas is so idiotic as not to require an answer.

FRANCIS ROBINSON
Assistant Manager
Metropolitan Opera Association
New York

Mr. Mayer Replies:
Mr. Robinson's objections strike me as matters of opinion or, at most, of degree. The works he mentions as unfashionable, for example, I consider to be in the height of fashion and not even particularly rare.

The practice of substituting conductors in midstream was, I thought, universally regarded as undesirable especially in works such as *Faust*, which demand a new, unified, and meticulously prepared conception from the conductor.

I was, of course, writing about La Scala, not the Metropolitan; personally, I find that the Met (within its limited aims) puts on performances better on the average than those of Paris, Covent Garden, or Vienna. As for Vienna, Mr. Robinson should beware confusing the idiotic with the tragic; my information was gained, in a personal interview, from Dr. Franz Salmhofer, then Director of the Staatsoper.

U. N.

To the Editor: May I take this opportunity to congratulate you upon the outstanding coverage of the United Nations contained in your December 2 issue? The editorial by Max Ascoli and the article by William Frye ("The Day When East and West Agreed") deserve a wide audience because of their broad perspective and good sense.

Especially, the article by A. A. Berle, Jr., entitled "Our Best Guarantee of National Security," should be brought to the attention of the widest audience possible.

CLARK M. EICHELBERGER
Executive Director
American Association
for the United Nations

'RADIOFICATION'

To the Editor: The article by George Clay entitled "Balloons for a Captive Audience," in the November 18 issue of *The Reporter*, describes the Free Europe Committee's leaflet operation very well. But when Mr. Clay discusses western broadcasting activities for this same "captive audience," he makes some unwarranted assumptions and arrives at some unjustified conclusions.

The author says: "With every month that passes, RFE, the Voice of America, and the British Broadcasting Corporation are being rendered more and more obsolete by what the Communist régimes call radiofication—a widespread program to replace wireless sets by wired or telephonic radio."

In dealing with Mr. Clay's reasoning, an obvious point is that the increase of radiofication does not necessarily lead to reduced distribution of standard sets. What has happened is that the Communists are flooding heretofore non-radio areas with wired sets. At the same time, the production and sale of sets capable of receiving western broadcasts have also risen considerably.

In Poland, for example (if régime press figures are to be accepted), the number of wired sets has risen to 1,250,000 but the number of wireless sets has risen to 1,500,000. In other words, while there are three to four times as many wired sets in use as in 1949, there are also more than twice as many sets capable of receiving VOA, BBC, and RFE programs.

Mr. Clay's arguments also underestimate the ingenuity of the people in overcoming a multitude of discouragements. Under the Nazi dictatorship in Czechoslovakia, for example, the occupation forces removed short-wave bands from thousands of sets. The people proceeded to substitute homemade coils for the missing parts, and short-wave reception was resumed.

Another vital factor ignored by Mr. Clay is the grapevine. The "secondary" audience behind the Iron Curtain—those who hear about foreign broadcasts from others—is known to be larger than the primary audience. A high Polish official recently put it this way at a party meeting in Warsaw: "One radio set in each village is quite sufficient to poison the peasants' minds with [western] calumnies and lies."

If the volume and intensity of régime attacks on western broadcasts are any measure of the Communists' fearful regard for western radio stations, and hence a measure of the impact of these stations on the people, then it would appear that "radiofication" has not yet served the régimes.

It would seem, when all is said and done, that the Communists will not black out western broadcasts in the foreseeable future, either by jamming, radiofication, threats, or any other means. The people behind the Iron Curtain will continue to find ways to listen, because the search for truth is too fundamental to the human character to be defeated by artificial devices, no matter what their nature.

WHITNEY H. SHEPARDSON
President
Free Europe Committee, Inc.
New York

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WHO—

WHAT—

WHY—

AFTER **Max Ascoli's** editorial on Christmas, in which our Editor nearly overcame his reluctance to lay bare some part of what he feels about religion, we have two articles which we think contribute to the season's spirit. We looked around for an opportunity to report on something that is being well done. Our two articles report on the desegregation that has been carried out successfully, first in the Army and then in the school system of the nation's capital. The news is heartening. The lesson to draw from it is that the breaking down of racial barriers works best when the will to do the right thing is accompanied by practical and functional reasons. In the case of the Army, desegregation resulted from pressing military necessity. In Washington, as **Douglass Cater** tells us, desegregation is working mainly because there are so many good men and women in the school system and because, incidentally, athletics tends to blur the color line. We hope that the students' competitive zest for learning will do this too. **Leo Bogart,** sociologist, who wrote "The Army and Its Negro Soldiers," has taught at New York University, the Illinois Institute of Technology, and Columbia. He has conducted research on five continents for government and industry.

UNFORTUNATELY, our determination to bring good Christmas news to our readers broke down when we were compelled to look at two of the most acute trouble spots in the world. Regrettably, they both concern our oldest ally, France. Our staff writer **Claire Sterling** recently visited Tunisia and Algeria. There is not much that is reassuring in her factual reports. Moreover, the combination of Arab nationalism and French party politics makes Pierre Mendès-France's tenure of office increasingly precarious.

From Indo-China another woman writer and reporter, **Peggy Durdin,** brings us firsthand details about the shakiness of the uncertain régime that is at present ruling—although that is hardly the word—what is left of Vietnam. Mrs. Durdin, the wife of Tillman Durdin of the New York *Times,* is a free-lance writer.

There is, however, some good news from abroad: Democracy is still working, and working well, in west Berlin. Before the recent elections there, the American press was filled with articles telling us that both the Communists and the Nazis were getting stronger. But when the returns were in, the anti-democratic forces made an extremely poor showing. **Melvin J. Lasky,** an American journalist, is the chief editor of the Berlin magazine *Der Monat.*

Eric Sevareid's broadcast this time is about Latin America, a part of the world we admit has been somewhat neglected in our pages. This neglect will soon be remedied.

Charles W. Thayer is one of the few Americans whose career as a diplomat led him to know the late and not overlamented Andrei Vishinsky. The portrait he paints is not too pleasant a one but neither, we are sure, was the original. Mr. Thayer served as a U.S. Foreign Service official in Moscow from 1933 to 1937 and from 1940 to 1942. He is the author of *Bears in the Caviar* and *Hands Across the Caviar.*

SMOG, that calamity which endangers Los Angeles's reputation for weather, has drawn as much national attention as New York's littered streets. **Richard P. Eckels** tells how smog happens, how it can be cured, and how the politicians use it to make greater nuisances of themselves. The illustrations for Mr. Eckels's article are a satire on all fog, mist, and smog photographs. The Ben Day to whom they are attributed is the name for the screening process that produces various shades of gray. The process was devised by Ben Day, a New York printer (1838-1916).

It will be hard for **William Harlan Hale** to forget the Christmas he spent in 1944 during the Battle of the Bulge. So, we think, will it be for his readers.

T. Tambimuttu, born in Ceylon, poet, prose writer, and editor, is now in New York and has just published a volume of his verse, *India Love Poems* (Peter Pauper Press).

Peter Viereck has a peculiar talent for saying in an impish way things that sometimes happen to be singularly correct. We found particularly striking and truthful his description of what he calls "Kosher anti-Semitism." Historian as well as Pulitzer Prize winner in poetry, Mr. Viereck is the author of *Conservatism Revisited, Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals,* and *The First Morning: New Lyrical Poems.*

Nora Magid is a member of *The Reporter* staff.

The Christmas cover, another example of "paper sculpture," is by our Art Editor, **Reg Massie.**

THE RECENT change in our printing schedule to narrow the gap between our editorial closing and the delivery of your copy makes this the twenty-fifth issue in 1954, though the magazine normally publishes twenty-four. The absence of advertising affects this issue alone. The graphs on the inside front cover, showing progress both in circulation and advertising, will continue to climb impressively in 1955.

Since this twenty-fifth issue comes at Christmas time, we've sprinkled a little holly around inside, and devoted the back cover to a framable reproduction of our front cover—something that readers have often asked for.

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Christmas 1954

It is appropriate, I think, that the question of what Christmas means in our day and country be asked not only from the pulpit but also on the editorial page of a magazine that is concerned with but not obsessed by politics. Wherever Christmas is observed and people wish each other merriment, they ought to find out what they should be merry about—lest this day be the culinary, bibulous culmination of a shopping spree.

The massive character of the Christmas celebration in our country, the Christmas trees alight, with all their trimmings, in such an overwhelming number of American homes, the "Adeste Fideles" heartily sung by men and women who are anything but *fideles*—all this by itself constitutes a phenomenon of imposing proportions. There must be some other reasons for it, aside from social conformity and the frantic advertising campaigns of department stores anxious to clear their inventories. The fact is that in the western world and probably well beyond its boundaries, it is difficult to find many civilized human beings whose hearts remain coldly unaffected by the anniversary of that birth—no matter whether they consider it a myth or historical reality.

Indeed, it is difficult to think of that birth as plain unquestionable history, but it is equally difficult to see it as a sheer legend—one of the many, many legends that the religions of the world have transmitted to us. For the Christian, that event 1954 years ago is the point of confluence and irradiation of countless miracles. For the non-Christian and the doubter, that legend and what came out of it is still the most extraordinary success story, the most durable piece of fictionalized theology, the history of mankind has ever known.

Certainly in the countries of western civilization both the believers and the nonbelievers who to any extent are stirred by painting or by music cannot help associating that birth with the accounts they have received from such artists as Giotto and Handel, to mention only two. Truly, there are no greater masterpieces in all the arts than those designed to make men relive the birth—or the crucifixion—of Christ.

Yet this is only part of the truth about the meaning of Christmas, for it concerns only a part or a section of mankind. Modern times have contributed something even more important and decisive than all the paintings of the Madonna and all the Christmas oratorios. Democracy and industrialism have proved to be extraordinarily contagious forces of literally universal appeal. They have brought to men of all races and religions the notion that no matter how abject their lot may be, they too can improve it if they only learn how to use the tools of modern technology and of self-government. Both sets of tools have become at the same time extraordinarily complex and extraordinarily easy to handle—if the very moderate price for apprenticeship is paid.

There are very few savage tribes left in our world where human beings have not been reached by the knowledge that they can establish communities of their own and defend a certain amount of personal privacy

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within them. The patterns for both community and national life and for the individual and his rights are easily available.

These patterns have been shaped during centuries of struggle and hard work by what can be called, to use a shorthand expression, Judaeo-Christian civilization. Actually, everything created on or near the shores of the Mediterranean during thousands of years which proved to be a force for enduring social cohesiveness went into the making of that civilization: The Jewish idea of the one universal God went into it, the disciplined thinking of Greek philosophy, the rules of conduct in practical affairs codified in that old testament of business called Roman law, and much more.

When the tumultuous fusion of all these component elements finally ended, and individualism both for the well-rounded human being and for independent nations emerged with the Renaissance, a period of explosive creativeness started that still proceeds at an ever-increasing pace.

But not one of the great explosive events of modern times can even be compared to the one where the idea of "rendering unto Caesar" was first announced—if for no other reason than because all the other revolutions, including the one which started rolling fourteen centuries later, can be traced back to the unto-Caesar principle. By becoming subject to two separate allegiances, to God and to Caesar, the human person was at the same time sanctified and fissioned.

Part, but only part, of man owes obedience to the temporal powers that be; the other part cannot be touched by those powers, and has a right to criticize and resist them. This realm of the spirit, this half of man which according to the Christian principle belongs to God, makes man responsible during the span of his life for the fraction of divinity entrusted to him. At the same time it establishes the dependence of men upon one another, as children of God, in a fundamental relationship of equality irrespective of personal worth or achievement.

The fission and the conflict between these two elements in man, no matter how called—Emperor and Pope, rights of kings and human rights, authority and freedom—has fantastically energized the human adventure, but gives little chance for relaxed, animal quiet to the human breed. No wonder the Jews have been the object of such unrelenting, revengeful hatred, particularly in our times: They are held responsible not for the death of Christ but for His birth.

OUR MODERN CIVILIZATION is so deeply rooted in Christianity that it can sometimes afford not to consider itself Christian—particularly since the patterns it has created have been so eagerly adopted by peoples untouched by the Christian experience. Yet the nations that still call themselves Christian should not be allowed to forget that the ideals they live by are more or less veiled translations or secularizations of Christian principles. Perhaps these principles had better remain translated and secularized to avoid the curse of clericalism and theological dispute. But how can we be oblivious—at least at Christmas time—of the fact that the principle of freedom, sometimes called liberalism, is nothing but a translation in abstract terms of the Christian idea of man as the temporary responsible bearer of divine creativeness?

In our days, the most savage attempt to outlaw the "unto-God" part of man is being conducted. Our nation is uncompromisingly against that attempt. But how can our rulers claim to fight Communism if they impose on those citizens whose work is most needed in that fight unquestioning, indeed enthusiastic loyalty to that new idol called security? Do our rulers ignore that their vaunted respect for the rights and freedom of the human person is only an abstract, secularized way of expressing that resistance unto Caesar which is made imperative by man's allegiance unto God? Yet, after all their pious sermons, they go on acting like fretful little Caesars.

If we citizens forget all this, then we can be merry just the same on Christmas Day. But let us not pretend that we are celebrating the divinity—or the dignity—of man. Let us just go on a big binge that will leave us with a heavy head and a belching stomach the morning after.

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The Army And Its Negro Soldiers

LEO BOGART

Utilization of Negro manpower was studied at the Army's request by the Operations Research Office of the Johns Hopkins University, with the objective of improving military effectiveness. The project, administered by Alfred H. Hausrath, included sociological, demographic, psychological, historical, and opinion studies.

The survey described in this article was made by International Research Associates, whose president is Elmo C. Wilson. Leo Bogart directed the research as head of a team of sociologists and psychologists recruited from universities, industry, and government. They included Dr. John Morsell, Professor Robert Bower, Ira Cisin, Dr. Gerhart Wiebe, Dr. Tilman Cothran, Eric Marder, Leila Sussman, Robert Habenstein, and Professor Calvin W. Gordon. Dr. Bogart is a research executive at a large advertising agency and a lecturer in sociology at Columbia University.

The report remains classified. This article based upon it has been cleared by the Defense Department.

"RIOTS . . . bitter scenes . . . murder" are predicted when long-established patterns of race segregation are about to end. There are fears and warnings for the Negroes: "If they'd be sent in one at a time, they might as well send in a coffin with them." "They wouldn't last long. There'd just be a fight and a lot of brawling and a lot of people would get hurt."

These quotations are not from Southern pupils or parents in the face of coming integration in Southern schools. The men who spoke were soldiers in all-white Army units, at a time before the Army had fully established its present practice of assigning men without regard to color.

These were their fears:

1. *Integration leads to inevitable friction.* "There'd be trouble."

2. *Integration lowers standards.* It would have bad effects on both the morale and the efficiency of white soldiers.

3. *Whites would object to taking orders from Negroes.* Officers expressed "a horror of the possibility that we might get colored officers or noncoms," either because this was objectionable to them personally or because they thought the men would resent such leadership.

4. *Integration creates social problems.* One officer summed up his essential fears by saying, "You integrate units and pretty soon it will lead to intermarriage. We must build up our race, not run it down. It's God's law of the fish in the sea, the birds in the air, the animals on the land. You don't mix them."

5. *Negroes would prefer to be by themselves.* "They're not used to being with white boys."

IN SPITE of such anxieties, the Army went ahead. But its action was accompanied by a careful look at race relations. The resulting study sheds light on many of the problems that are now being faced by the South—and by the Supreme Court.

Like the Court's decision of last May, President Truman's directive of July 26, 1948, which called for "equality of treatment and opportunity for all persons . . . without regard to race, color or national origin," did not in itself dissolve the established structure. But the directive provided a new framework within which many individual decisions were made gradually by the various troop commands.

It was carried out first in a few service units in Northern posts and in the Army's troop-training program, but until the outbreak of the Korean War most regular units remained segregated. Segregation was eliminated in Korea, not as a social experiment, not as an ideological measure, but as a practical answer to immediate combat needs. The Army's study addressed itself to the question of how Negro soldiers could best be employed in the war effort. It began in April, 1951. At that time most—but not all—of the combat units in Korea contained some Negro soldiers who had come as badly wanted replacements; yet the vast majority of the Negro troops were still in Negro units. It was a changing situation, one which provided the opportunity to compare what happened under widely varying circumstances.

Within a period of four months, in Korea, Japan, and on ten Army posts in the United States, a research team brought detailed questionnaires to 12,000 officers and men, and interviewed almost 1,200 others. (Only Negro members of the team talked to colored troops.) They collected numerous records and documents and made many systematic observations of troops on and off duty. They found that the worries about integration were largely unfounded.

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Does Integration Bring Trouble?

In the Army, episodes of friction have been extremely rare under integration. In the phrase most often used by troop commanders about mixing Negroes and whites, "It works."

What happened in Korea when Negro troops entered all-white units? One enlisted man described it this way: "The C.O. put it pretty clear. He said, 'Treat them as you would any other person.' He said he wanted complete impartiality shown them. He said if a man is up here fighting, treat him right. He said there would be no trouble, no fights, no calling them 'Ace of Spades' or 'Black Boys.' What the Captain said, they took it seriously as a man-to-man talk."

The idea of bringing Negroes into white units was widely opposed, but Negro soldiers, once they arrived, met curiosity, not hostility. An officer observed, "It seemed like two hours after the men got here they were already part of the company. In a very short time they were all milling around in the company, the general conversation that you get with new men: Where are you from? How long have you been in the Army? In a short time they were all playing ball together. If there had been any doubt within the company, it wasn't there very long."

Among infantrymen in combat, every new replacement meant another weapon fired against the enemy. As a sergeant put it, "If you've got any green ones back there, send them over. We need bodies."

In the United States, recruits in training accepted the presence of Negroes as simply part of the Army way of doing things.

Those who were most hostile did not express their dislike directly when they found themselves in the same unit with Negroes. They merely avoided them.

Does It Lower Standards?

In Korea, large Negro troop units like the 24th Infantry Regiment were considered below par by the command and by the rank and file of white troops. It was feared that adding Negroes to white units would directly lower the group standard, and that their presence might also lower the morale and hence the efficiency of white soldiers.

Performance and morale are hard things to measure. The Army researchers looked at how white soldiers rated their own adjustment to Army life, how they rated the morale and performance of their unit, how a unit was rated by its officers, and how it was officially rated by military inspectors.

By none of these criteria, in Korea and at home, was there any indication that integrated units were inferior to all-white ones. In mixed units, only a minority of the white men thought their outfits could do their jobs better without colored soldiers. Officers felt, three to one, that adding Negroes had either no effect or actually a favorable effect on performance. By pragmatic military standards, it appeared that mixing Negroes with whites worked.

Do Whites Object to Negro Leaders?

Army commanders were concerned over how white soldiers would react to Negro officers and noncoms.

In mixed units, where Negro leaders were accepted and talked about like any others, soldiers assumed that the Army selected its leaders on merit. A sergeant said about his Negro lieutenant, "I figure if he gave me an order I would just have to do the job because I know it would come down from higher headquarters. I know there would be someone over him all the time. If he has a rank, he has a right to it. If he didn't have it, I don't believe he would have got it. If he worked his way up to it, I believe he deserves it."

> **"Equality of opportunity was part of the vision of the men who founded our nation. It is a principle deeply embedded in our religious faith. And neither at home nor in the eyes of the world can America risk the weakness which inevitably results when any group of our people are ranked—politically or economically — as second-class citizens."**
> *—President Eisenhower, Columbia, South Carolina, September 30, 1952.*

Does Integration Create Social Problems?

Army life extends into "extracurricular" affairs in off-duty hours. The lifting of segregation rouses fears over what may happen if whites and Negroes mingle together after their work is done.

This question remained critical for the Army even after its successful experience with integration in Korea. Korea was a combat area, a foreign country with few leisure-time diversions. Trouble was predicted in garrison when post facilities were made available to all soldiers. Conflicts over women might well be expected among young men away from home and normal social contacts—especially at Southern camps far from any large town with a sizable Negro population.

An exhaustive search for episodes of Negro-white friction showed that these were more apt to occur at mixed dances in the South than under any other circumstances. The remarkable thing was not that such episodes were uncovered but that they were extremely unusual.

Some otherwise fully integrated posts continued to hold separate dances for Negro and white troops. In other cases, the hostesses informally agreed that they would dance only with whites.

White men reacted most unfavorably to the idea of a Negro dancing with a white girl, but for the most part were ready to accept the idea of white and Negro couples jointly using the same dance floor. In practice, joint dancing rarely presented dif-

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ficulties, particularly in the case of company or battalion dances where the men knew each other and brought their own dates.

Do Negroes Prefer Segregation?

Nine to one—in combat and garrison, in integrated units and in all-colored units of high or low morale—Negro soldiers preferred assignment as individual members of a unified Army.

In strictly Negro outfits, every familiar G.I. gripe—about food, equipment, officers, training, or battle orders—was given a racial twist. In Korea, such comments as these were heard frequently: "We don't get awards like the others do. . . . We had to beg for an air strike. Other outfits need an air strike, they get it anywhere they want it and when they want it. . . . Other outfits don't stay up in the line as long as we did. . . . We do the dirty work and they get credit for what we do."

There was high tension in these units; men were resentful, on edge. "Get a bunch all together, off to themselves, and you got to admit they ain't going to act right. Here they fight, goof off, go AWOL. All the time you think you're getting the short end of the stick. So what you going to do? You fight the guy you don't get in trouble for fighting."

This helps to explain why Negro soldiers were willing to take their chances on meeting hostility or discrimination in a mixed unit; they often felt they had nothing to lose.

A few men were uneasy at first: "I like these white boys all right, but I just been used to my color. I feel more like home with colored folks. We talk alike. I can do conversation better with colored boys."

Far more often, the Negro soldier in a mixed unit felt new pride and self-confidence. He was on his mettle: "A guy feels that he is somehow letting the race down if he is thrown in with a bunch of whites and he proves to be the butt end of everything that goes on. So he concentrates on being a good soldier and a regular fellow. So then you begin to forget about being colored and you want to make your company or your battalion the best unit of the post."

Why Were Predictions Wrong?

If integration worked in the Army, why were original predictions so gloomy? One reason is that people may give others less credit than they give themselves for being able to behave sensibly in difficult situations. Consider the following problem:

"Pfc. Joe Doakes has always been in outfits which have only white soldiers in them. One day he is sent to an outfit in which there are colored as well as white soldiers. He is assigned to a squad which happens to have both a colored squad leader and a colored platoon sergeant."

White soldiers were asked, "What does Joe do?" "What should Joe do?" and "What would you yourself do?" The answers showed that fewer men assumed that Joe would behave in a tolerant way than felt he should act that way, or felt they would act that way themselves.

But the main reason why integration succeeded is to be found in the actual change in men's attitudes as they worked and lived together.

This change did not take place right away. To the soldier in an all-white unit, the Negro was an outsider. All-colored units were separate and conspicuous. In Korea, attitudes toward Negroes were least favorable among infantrymen who had served near large bodies of Negro troops.

But in mixed units, colored soldiers showed up as individuals; they could not all be lumped together. One G.I. in Korea expressed himself unfavorably, then added, "Of course, if he's wearing our shoulder patch I'd consider him my buddy, same as any other guy from this division." When asked about a Negro soldier billeted in the same tent, he exclaimed, "Oh, that's different. He's just like any of the other boys. I wouldn't think of treating him any different. He's a buddy of mine."

Such feelings were sometimes supported by a fantasy like this: "The type they mix with us are something different. I bet the Army picks very carefully the guys they put with whites. They're the cream of the crop. The men with the lowest I.Q.'s and backgrounds they put in the all-colored units. I wouldn't be surprised if they all got rated by a psychologist as to who's fit to go into a white outfit."

> "We can ill afford to exhibit to the world either incompetence or injustice in dealing with the relations of racial groups. Bigotry and violence contradict the sincerity of the principles which have been our greatest contribution to human history. And today they are a visible encumbrance which weakens America's moral leadership in world affairs."
>
> —*Adlai E. Stevenson before the Illinois Commission on Human Relations, Springfield, Illinois, October 11, 1951.*

THE KIND of contact that changed the attitudes of white soldiers involved common talk and activity on a man-to-man basis, not merely seeing Negroes. Soldiers who had known Negroes in civilian life were more favorable to integration than those who had not known any. Yet soldiers from the South, who undoubtedly had had more casual contacts with Negroes than most Northerners, reported fewer civilian friendships.

Regardless of where they came from, North or South, men in mixed units were consistently more favorable to mixing than men in comparable segregated units. This was true in garrison as well as in Korea, where men who had fought together with

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Negroes were more apt to forget about skin color than those who had not yet been in combat. In one company of engineers, "They said that they wouldn't let a colored guy sleep next to them. They wouldn't sit with them in a foxhole. Hell, the first night they were drinking out of the same canteen cups. These pants blouses, we used to call them 'nigger blouses.' We cut that out. They came right into the squads. That's what stopped the gripes. We treated them like another guy."

As men modified their views on integration, their general feelings about Negroes and race relations also changed. Even men who said they objected strongly to living and working with colored soldiers in many instances reported they had Negro friends in their outfit.

True, a boy from, say, a small town in Oregon might be shocked and disillusioned by his first encounter with uneducated Southern field hands. And Negroes for whom nonsegregation was a new experience sometimes "tested" it by being overaggressive in "things like cutting the chow line."

Whites as a Minority

In the South, the strongest resistance to mixing comes from the states with the largest Negro population. Just so, in the Army, the anxiety was greatest where the proportion of Negroes was high. (Under segregation, Negroes were more heavily concentrated in some military specialties than in others.)

The Army study found that the question of Negro-white ratios did not become critical unless the whites themselves became a minority. When questioned, most of the whites said they would make some effort to get out of such a situation.

Actually, in training companies where most of the men were colored, white recruits tended to cluster together; they were less favorable to integration than men in the typical unit with Negroes a minority. But even in their unusual circumstances, they were no less favorable than men in all-white units. From the Army's point of view, the crucial test was that they did their jobs without incident, and that the units obtained average performance ratings on military inspection.

If whites were in the majority, did the actual proportion of Negroes make any difference? Most Army officers felt that a unit's efficiency was lowered after a point. But this point was set higher by officers who had worked in integrated units (they picked it at 21 to 30 per cent Negro) than by those in segregated units. As for the men themselves, their responses on integration were not much different in units where 18 to 30 per cent of the soldiers were colored than in units where between 3 and 14 per cent were colored. As long as white troops were a clear majority, their contact with Negro soldiers made them more favorable.

The Lessons of Army Integration

Clearly, there are many important differences between race relations among young men in military service and youngsters attending Southern schools.

In the Army, integration took place most smoothly where individual troop commanders moved to implement it with enthusiasm and decisiveness.

Was its success due entirely to the demands of military discipline? If so, few lessons could be learned from the Army's experience.

Military discipline was an important factor in reducing incidents during the transition, but by no means the only one. The Army's study showed that Americans learn to get along with each other, even in unaccustomed situations. A white sergeant described this when he admitted, "Many guys didn't like it. I was one of them. They didn't like the idea of going to the same mess hall with them. There was a lot of talk about what would happen. Nothing actually happened. In about two weeks it wore in. I slept with one right beside me. I resented it at first. It's all in your mind. Once you get it out you're O.K. If you can live with whites, you can live with most colored."

The man who said this was from Virginia. The South's traditional racial code does not mean that Southerners are "anti-Negro." Of the thousands of white Southern troops who answered the questions, only a relatively small percentage said they disliked or "hated" Negroes.

Southerners are not without understanding of how Negroes feel, or without sympathy for the idea that Negroes should stand up for their legal rights. Take this problem: "A colored soldier is sitting in a service club reading a magazine. Three white soldiers enter; they stare at the colored man, and one of them says in a loud voice, 'Don't you know this place is for white men only?'"

White infantrymen in Korea were asked, "If you were the colored soldier in this situation, what do you think you would do?" Here are the answers they selected:

7%: Did not answer.

11%: "I'd apologize first and then leave the Club."

7%: I'd put down my book and walk out of the Club."

19%: "I'd just keep on reading and pay no attention."

14%: "I'd call in whoever was in charge."

42%: "I'd say, 'This place is for anybody who wants to use it.'"

And Southerners picked the same answers as men from other states.

Findings like these make the Army's experience a source of encouragement for those who face the difficult task of ending segregation in the schools.

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Washington, 'A Model For the Rest of the Nation'

DOUGLASS CATER

SPOTTSWOOD THOMAS BOLLING, JR., a shy fifteen-year-old Negro boy, has been cast in the role of a modern Moses. His name will go down in history books as the plaintiff in *Bolling* vs. *Sharpe,* one of the school segregation cases decided last May by the Supreme Court. Young Bolling, by accident of residence, is this year attending an all-Negro high school in Washington, D. C. But all about him he can behold the promised land which, after a four-year journey through the Federal courts, his people have finally reached. Of Washington's eleven public high schools, only his and two others did not have students of both races when classes began in September. Ninety-eight of the District's elementary and junior high schools now have mixed enrollment. Already more than 54,000 of the 106,000 students in the public-school system are participating in an "integrated" school program.

Washington's experience in mass desegregation has confounded some of the pet dogmas of the race-relations experts. One, long held to be cardinal, is that the larger the proportion of the minority race involved, the greater the degree of difficulty in effecting desegregation. And yet, in Washington Negro students constitute a majority, approximately sixty per cent of the total public-school enrollment. A second dogma is that a gradual approach to desegregation creates less friction than an abrupt one. But the change-over in this Southern city is being accomplished in a swift series of giant steps to be completed by next September.

What is most astounding about the change-over—even provoking one member of the Board of Education to speak of "miracles"—is that it is being accomplished without a serious hitch so far. In early October there were a few days of trouble, but only four of the schools and a small fraction of their students were involved. Even then—and again contrary to expert theory—the trouble was concentrated mainly in a school with a small Negro enrollment, whereas schools with far heavier numbers were unaffected.

OF COURSE many explanations have been offered. "Shadow of the Capital, the President's leadership, and all that," one educator has put it. Washington, for all its Southern tradition, is a city apart. In a purely negative way, the absence of self-government in the District made the formal act of abolishing the dual school system considerably easier than it might have been otherwise, since local resistance groups could not generate effective pressures. But there is more to the story than that. As I made the rounds of various schools, I found not simply grudging acceptance of an edict handed down from on high; in instance after instance, I found a conviction that the new program was working. In some cases the conviction was expressed as a sense of relief that things weren't as bad as had been expected, in others as a genuine elation over the progress that was being made toward fulfilling the democratic ideals of public education.

> "The international reason for acting to secure our civil rights now is not to win the approval of our totalitarian critics. We would not expect it if our record were spotless; to them our civil rights record is only a convenient weapon with which to attack us. Certainly we would like to deprive them of that weapon. But we are more concerned with the good opinion of the peoples of the world. . . . We are convinced that our way of life —the free way of life — holds a promise of hope for all people. We have what is perhaps the greatest responsibility ever placed upon a people to keep this promise alive. Only still greater achievements will do it.
>
> "The United States is not so strong, the final triumph of the democratic ideal is not so inevitable that we can ignore what the world thinks of us or our record."
>
> *—Report of President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights, 1947.*

But despite the relevancy of Washington's experience, especially for other cities that still have the transition ahead of them, most of the press has been indifferent to the story. There were a few feature stories on the opening day of school. And there were quite a few sensational headlines during the October troubles. But except for Washington's own newspapers, the story of what was happening to the 54,000 youngsters, their parents, and their teachers has been largely ignored.

Ironically, even some of the participants, conditioned to the traditional concepts of news, don't seem to realize how big the story actually is. As Miss Mildred Green, principal of the Raymond Elementary School, with 390 Negro and 140 white students, has insisted, "There is no news—there's nothing to tell. From the very first day of school we have been so busy with education that we haven't had time to think of what has happened." She reports that the very young, as might be expected, have adapted to the change easily. They seem, in fact, to be almost unaware of racial differences. One teacher reports that one day a little Negro girl was chosen by her classmates to be Goldilocks in a classroom play.

The parents, too, have made their adjustments. Gilbert Adamson, credit manager for a jewelry store and president of the Raymond Parent-Teachers Association, has nothing but praise for the way things have

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gone. "As far as the hard work of running the PTA is concerned," he told me, "the Negro parents have participated just as actively as our white parents." Another white parent, more reserved, expressed herself as "neither elated nor anguished." Her only worry was that as a by-product of the change some classes might get too large for adequate teaching. Last year, the all-white Raymond was only partially filled, with six empty classrooms. This year, by relieving the nearby Park View School from overcrowding, it is approaching the District attendance norms, which this parent feels are too high. "Thirty or more kids to a class is more than one teacher can manage," she protested.

Jefferson Junior High

Jefferson Junior High, which is located in the heart of the southwest Washington slum area, now has 333 white and 230 Negro students. In a sense, being brought together was not a particularly novel experience for the youngsters, since they have been living in close proximity in many of the overcrowded blocks of that region. The neighborhood has produced more than its proportionate share of the so-called "atypical" students who have trouble keeping up with their school work. Yet despite the depressing day-to-day problems, Hugh S. Smith, Jefferson's enthusiastic, hard-working principal, has been systematically cultivating good "intercultural" understanding in the neighborhood for many years. Partly as a result of his efforts, Jefferson has made the transition easily.

At a school assembly I watched students of both races performing for the entertainment of their schoolmates. A thirteen-year-old Negro boy, with stilted diction, recited Emma Lazarus' "Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . ." The applause was enthusiastic.

The first afternoon of the student strikes in October, a group from another school paraded over to Jefferson to urge its students to walk out. Mr. Smith calmly put on a Western movie in the school auditorium, and not a student left.

But this superficial success, he points out, should not blind anyone to the deeper problems that have been piled in Jefferson's lap. For one thing, he and his teachers had not anticipated the true extent of the educational gap between white and Negro schools in southwest Washington. Perennial overcrowding combined with teacher shortages in the Negro schools produced poor attendance and study habits that cannot be overcome in a hurry. Mr. Smith continues to maintain high standards for the more able students by his regular practice of grouping students according to ability within each school grade. It has resulted this year in practically all whites in the top sections and all Negroes in the bottom with varying mixtures in between. To compensate, Mr. Smith has deliberately mixed the students in their homerooms.

Even more basic to the problems at Jefferson are the welfare needs of the children. There are students in the school who do not have enough to eat or wear, and many also come from divided, problem-ridden homes. The school's ability to meet these needs is limited. The Police Boys' Club in the neighborhood continues to maintain the color bar. Welfare services are woefully inadequate.

McKinley High

McKinley High, which concentrates on technical courses, received a blanket transfer of Negro students from the nearby outmoded Armstrong School and now has 562 white students and 404 Negroes. Its progress was interrupted by a brief outbreak of rebellion last October. But Dr. Charles E. Bish, the astute and energetic principal, says that he feels better off than those school heads who have not had to come to grips with the inevitable change this year.

"It cannot be intellectualized," he argues. "You can talk about it in sociology class but you cannot fashion behavior pattern anew there. One's attitudes develop as he becomes involved in real experiences. Some of these schools are not going to solve their problems until they actually get Negroes in."

Dr. Bish has faced some of the same difficulties that Mr. Smith mentioned, although they have had to be handled differently in senior high. "I made the decision," Dr. Bish said, "that we can't have segregation within the school. We can't have two academic standards for students. If there are a greater number of failures at first, that's the price that must be paid."

A visitor to McKinley is impressed by the casualness of the students' acceptance of the new situation. In the labs and handicraft shops, Negro and white students work side by side. In the locker room after basketball practice, the usual horseplay goes on among the boys without regard to the color of their skins. In the cafeteria, one does notice that the small groups around the tables are usually of the same race, although the room as a whole is thoroughly intermixed. "It is possible to be friendly without necessarily being friends," one teacher commented.

After careful consideration, it was finally decided not to hold the traditional Christmas dance this year. Although the student leaders thought it would work out all right, the school authorities, including Principal Bish, concluded that the risk might be too great.

Trouble in October

McKinley was one of the four schools at which a student strike took place, after word of rebellion had come over from Milford, Delaware, and Baltimore, Maryland. Dr. Bish suspects systematic agitation by a group of troublemakers who

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spread rumors by telephone over the weekend following the outbreak of violence at Southern High School in Baltimore. Two or three minor incidents that had occurred at McKinley during the preceding week provided tinder.

On Monday, October 4, approximately 150 of McKinley's students went out on strike. There were certainly strong feelings involved, but it has been noted that unusually fine Indian summer weather contributed to the holiday spirit.

But the students were not immune to reason. Dr. Bish was quickly able to get them into a meeting for a discussion of their problems. By Wednesday, a large assembly was convened in the school auditorium, the problems were freely discussed, and a biracial student grievance committee was appointed. The storm had subsided, but there was still the problem of how to end the assembly without risking a further walkout. Dr. Bish was suddenly inspired to turn the meeting into a pep rally for the next weekend's football game. To the stirring strains of "On McKinley," the students marched singing from the auditorium and back to their classrooms. No order had been given.

Anacostia High

The most serious outbreak of trouble occurred at Anacostia High School, which is located on the flats across the Anacostia River from the main body of the District. Unlike other parts of the District, Anacostia has until recently isolated Negroes in tight little communities that have existed since the Civil War. Anacostia has been largely a middle-class, homeowning community, although in the past few years there has been a mushrooming of large-scale housing and apartment developments. Racial tension has been particularly strong, with a bad flare-up a few years ago when the local swimming pool was thrown open to both races.

In the high school itself resentment had already been expressed against the encroachment of Negroes. Four years ago Mrs. Opal Corkery, then the principal, refused to permit a performance of the Washington Sesquicentennial play, "Faith of Our Fathers," in the school auditorium because one of the cast was a Negro. She argued that her ruling was necessary to prevent a riot. After the new program was announced last June, she retired and is now teaching in a white Virginia school.

Only forty-four Negro students entered Anacostia High this September. To all outward appearances they were soon assimilated into the school life, joining the band, the cadet corps, and the basketball team. But on Monday, October 4, about five hundred white students—nearly half of the student body—staged a strike.

Surprisingly enough, there was not much racial animosity to be observed in the affair at Anacostia. Roving, shouting bands of youngsters blew off steam at educational authorities, not at the Negroes; one Negro student was found marching along enthusiastically with the rest. Unlike the situation at McKinley, however, appeals to reason were not successful. The acting principal tried in vain to set up a grievance procedure. An outdoor assembly to discuss the matter broke up in pandemonium. Police were obliged to prevent the picketers from marching across the bridge to seek recruits from other schools.

Late on Wednesday afternoon, the authorities cracked down. School Superintendent Hobart M. Corning announced that after Thursday absences would be marked as unexcused, thus disqualifying students from athletic, band, and other honor activities. Police Chief Robert V. Murray warned that disorderly students might be arrested and acquire a police record. All the responsible voices of the community—including even the Federation of Citizens Association, which has opposed the integration program—spoke out against the strike. By Friday, attendance was back to normal at Anacostia and elsewhere.

John Koontz, who has since been appointed principal at Anacostia, realizes the difficulty of the job that faces him. Having grown up in the neighborhood, he understands the deeply felt concern of many white parents who feel that their stake in the school is being taken away from them. But he is equally committed to the task of making the new program work. "My job is to assure the parents that this is going to continue to be a fine school academically—one which will prepare their children for college. They can feel security in the knowledge that their children are not going to suffer educationally because it is a mixed school."

A distressed representative of one of the neighborhood citizens' associations called on Mr. Koontz while I was in his office. "I'm trying to do everything I can to eliminate friction and you should help me," said Mr. Koontz. "You know as well as I do that kids don't learn as much when they are disturbed."

Perhaps the most substantial and widespread criticism of the integration program is that it has been operated with too little regard for particular conditions that are peculiar to certain neighborhoods. In its zeal to do away with all barriers, the Board of Education voted at first to keep no record of a student's race. The rule has been temporarily suspended so that there can be some record of the progress that is being made.

But this complete disregard of the racial factor has resulted in situations in which one or two white children were dropped into an all-Negro school, and vice versa. A biracial "review" committee set up by the Superintendent of Education to hear complaints was expressly instructed to refuse requests for transfers from one school to another made simply for racial reasons. Some, including members of the Board of Education, wonder if this isn't turning a sound principle into a fetish.

Is the environment of the so-called fringe school, in which one race overwhelmingly outnumbers the other, a healthy or necessary part of racial equality? So far the Washington experience furnishes arguments but no definite answer.

The review committee, however,

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has heard more than seven hundred requests and has been able to comply with a majority of them. Miss Margaret Pepper, the superintendent's executive assistant, feels that in this way the real cases of maladjustments have been taken care of adequately.

How They Got Ready

In assessing the factors that have made the program a success, its sponsors point proudly to their foresight. Two years ago, School Superintendent Corning, at the direction of the Board of Education, requested interested citizens' groups to suggest ways and means to knock down the racial barriers if ordered to by the Supreme Court. Seminars were held with outside experts to guide teachers and administrators. A handbook, "Intergroup Education," was prepared. Two days after the Supreme Court handed down its decision on May 17, the Board of Education set up a special committee to draft guiding principles for the change-over. Less than a week later, the Commission issued a sweeping mandate for merging both students and teaching staffs, and Superintendent Corning outlined a plan of action. Briefly, Dr. Corning's plan establishes new school boundaries without regard to race that will apply to successively broader categories of students until the program is completed in September, 1955.

In late June, Dr. Corning announced the list of schools that would be affected in the fall. There was none of the uncertainty and indecisiveness that aggravated the situation in Milford, Delaware. Families unwilling to face the prospect had time to make arrangements for private schooling or to move elsewhere.

Walter N. Tobriner, a member of the Board of Education who was chairman of the special committee to draft the desegregation principles, argues that speed and decisiveness were essential to success. "It was like taking a piece of adhesive plaster off," he says. "People adjust better to a situation in which they find themselves than toward a situation lying before them."

PERHAPS the most important factor of all, however, has been the unreserved co-operation of the teachers. No one has reported a single instance in which a teacher's behavior has undermined student confidence. When the teachers experienced qualms, as many of them undoubtedly did at times, they kept it to themselves.

This commitment to the program by those in responsible positions applied all the way up to the President, who on the day after the Supreme Court decision expressed his hope that Washington would move swiftly to carry out the verdict, serving as a model for the rest of the nation. Since then, he has publicly announced his pleasure at the way the program has succeeded. In contrast, an isolated instance of irresponsibility occurred last October when a few of the striking students called on Representative James C. Davis (D., Georgia), who will be a ranking member of the House District Committee next January. Representative Davis later announced, "I told them I regarded this Supreme Court decision as being rank usurpation of authority by the Court . . . I told them if they carry on their protest and stay out of school, school officials will have a hard time holding school without pupils. I said I was on their side and I hope they win."

OF COURSE there has been plenty of friction, and even tightly fought contests within the Board of Education itself. Its members range in attitude from Robert R. Faulkner, who has called for a three-school system—one white, one Negro, one mixed—to Dr. Margaret Just Butcher, who is also a representative of the N.A.A.C.P. and who has bitterly denounced Superintendent Corning's plan as "gradualism."

Though the overt attempts to interfere have subsided, there are still dire forebodings. Some white people point to the falling off of white registration in schools that were particularly affected last fall, and say gloomily that school desegregation will accelerate the migration of Negroes into the heart of Washington and whites into the outlying suburban areas of Maryland and Virginia.

But Mr. Tobriner has argued that these problems lie beyond the schools' responsibility. "We simply make it difficult for ourselves by diagnosing trends that we are powerless to prevent. The problem of who lives in Washington belongs to someone higher up than the Board of Education."

The Next Step

Integration is uncovering problems of health and welfare as well as those of direct educational shortages which were long half-concealed behind the curtain of segregation. It is bringing increased recognition of the needs for slum clearance, urban redevelopment, and other long-range city planning that must be attended to if Washington is not to share the destiny of other metropolitan centers where only the very poor and the very rich continue to live in the heart of the city.

Paradoxically, the very lack of self-government that speeded desegregation in the District is also making it difficult to meet these urgent conditions. It means that a man like Representative Davis has a strangle hold over the District's plans and purse strings even though District citizens have long paid their own way in taxes. It means that on the House District Committee, which has absolute control over local affairs, nine of the twelve members come from Southern states that are vigorously opposed to removal of any racial barriers.

Integration of Washington schools has so far been a notable success story, a true model for the nation. But unless the people of Washington win their long-sought home rule, the very success could bring on a gradual debasement of education, a general decline in civic conditions, and perhaps a form of continued segregation within the schools because of the further spreading of slum areas in the center of the city.

It would be tragic indeed if this major forward step in democracy should be frustrated by Federal restraints that prevent Washington's citizens from governing themselves democratically.

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North Africa: Bloody Fingers And the Loosening Grip

CLAIRE STERLING

TUNIS

SHORTLY after the fall of Dienbienphu, a French Deputy wrote to Premier Joseph Laniel: "At the moment when a succession of errors has made Vietnam a tomb of so many French lives and hopes, a serious new menace is hanging over North Africa, part of the body and soul of France. [We are acting] in Africa as if wholly ignorant of events in the Far East. We are deliberately closing our eyes to the existence of deep national currents . . . among people whom we ourselves have given a taste for liberty. While we are forced now to grant Indo-China everything we once refused Ho Chi Minh and more, our position in North Africa is still one of categorical refusal. We are trying to make up for the weakness of this policy with police violence of the most oppressive, the most odious sort. It isn't necessary to study geopolitics to understand that North Africa is about to become one of the neuralgic points of the globe."

The writer was Pierre Mendès-France, and during his six months in office the cumulative tensions of many years have brought France to a critical point in its relations with its whole North African empire.

Mendès-France's way of meeting the crises in Tunisia and Algeria became a matter of bitter debate in Paris, and may in the end cause his downfall. But under a less intuitive and courageous Premier, Tunisia would probably by now be involved in a civil war, and Algeria on the way to one. For the moment, he has managed to avert the danger. But he is fighting a lonely battle against time, history, Islam, the Cominform, and more than a million French colonists.

Premiers in the past have tended to follow the classic rules of colonial administration: Concede nothing to the native population if nothing is happening, and concede nothing if something is happening, because it would be wrong to give in to force. Mendès-France has broken both rules.

The Tunisian Terror

He was certainly giving in to force when he flew to Tunis last July 31 to present his proposal for full internal autonomy to Sidi Mohammed al-Amin Bey, the nominal if powerless sovereign of the Tunisian protectorate. Tunisia was paralyzed by terrorism at the moment of his arrival. The terror had begun in the spring of 1952, when the nationalist Neo-Destour announced its intention of planting a bomb a day until Tunisia was liberated. By the following winter, a counter-terrorist movement had made its appearance, with the assassination of Ferhat Hached, the leader of the largest Tunisian trade unions. By the spring of 1954, violence had taken three forms: individual killings in the cities, carried out by the Neo-Destour; raids on French *colons* in the country by bands of Fellagha—"bandits" by French definition, "patriots" according to the Neo-Destour—who wore regular army uniforms with the tabs of a "National Army of Liberation"; and life-for-life reprisals by French vigilantes calling themselves the Red Hand.

In the four months before Mendès-France's visit, the Fellagha had killed eighty-three civilians and soldiers, kidnapped twelve French officers, and lost two hundred of their own men. During the same period, murder in the cities had become a mass affair. Seven Frenchmen were killed in Bizerte, for instance, when a Neo-Destourian group machine-gunned a European café, and the same number of Tunisians died in an Arab café near Sfax in a return raid organized by the Red Hand. By last summer, attacks in the cities had taken the lives of several mayors, the pro-French Prince Azzedine (heir apparent), one pro-French Cabinet Minister, and the relatives of several others. For some weeks before the Premier came, the Bey had been unable to find any Tunisians brave enough to head a local Government.

Mendès-France proposed to meet this emergency by giving the Tunisians almost everything they were asking for. He offered them full control over their own affairs, but with two important conditions: that France must be permitted to "safeguard the peace in this part of the globe, which is ours" by retaining the direction of Tunisian national defense and foreign policy; and that the 180,000 French *colons* in the protectorate, having "earned the right to live and work in Tunisia," must be free not only to remain but also to "develop their economic activities in a climate of confidence and friendship."

The plan wasn't revolutionary. Robert Schuman had offered much the same terms in 1950 when he was Foreign Minister, and the Neo-Destour had accepted them. But Schuman's plan was shelved when the nationalist Premier, after trying for the next two years to pin the French down on details, decided to take Tunisia's case to the United Nations, whereupon the Resident General sent him and three members of his Cabinet into exile in the desert. That was when the terrorism started.

On that occasion, as on so many others, the French government had been afraid of carrying out its own decisions. The question wasn't then, nor is it now, whether Tunisia deserves or can handle autonomy. Most fair-minded Frenchmen agree that it is better able to run itself than are many already independent countries. It would need economic help, having neither arable land enough nor enough industry to feed a rapidly growing population. But although it is much the smallest of

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the North African territories—it is about the size of New York State and has 3.5 million people—it is far ahead of the others in political maturity. Tunisia's nationalist leader, Habib Bourguiba, is an intelligent western-minded man who has kept his movement singularly free of racial and religious fanaticism, and who, though not always the moderate he sets up to be, knows how and when to be reasonable. Its trade unions are the best developed in the Arab world, and are heartily supported by the AFL, CIO, and International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. It has a fairly well-trained Paris-educated elite of professional men and civil servants, and a traditional monarchy to hold it together.

Railroads and Ratissages

With substantial help from France, the French *colons* have done a great deal in Tunisia since the protectorate was established in 1881. Among other things, they have built 8,900 kilometers of roads, 2,500 kilometers of railroads, five major ports, and eight power stations. They have developed Tunisia's mines to produce 977,000 metric tons of iron a year, 34,000 metric tons of lead, and 2.3 million metric tons of phosphates. Much of this has been done to help the *colons,* of course, and the great majority of Moslems still live on the edge of starvation. Nevertheless, the French have put 154,000 Arab children into schools, provided five thousand hospital beds, and raised native consumption of bread by a third, tea and sugar by a half, cotton by two-thirds, and meat by 280 per cent.

They have also, for themselves, built up large, prosperous farms on a quarter of Tunisia's best land.

By and large, the French landowners in Tunisia aren't as hot-tempered as their compatriots in Algeria and Morocco; the Red Hand is made up mainly of Corsican *fonctionnaires* who would be out of jobs if the Tunisians took over the civil service. Both landowners and *fonctionnaires,* however, have fought every move toward granting even limited self-government, arguing that the more the nationalists got, the more they'd want, and that they'd end by driving the French into the sea.

Bourguiba himself said almost as much in 1952 when he was sent into the desert along with the three Tunisian Cabinet members: "The impenitent *colons* say that internal autonomy will lead fatally to independence. That is correct. And it would help to think of these problems starting now. For the question isn't a choice between independence and colonial administration. It is between independence guided by France, preserving the fundamental interests of France and the free world, or independence won with blood and hate, which will force

Tunisia toward other alliances on a racial and religious basis much less favorable to France."

The words might have sounded like a bluff two years ago, but not by last summer. It might have been possible, when Mendès-France became Premier, for the French to hang on a good while longer, sending reinforcements for the fifty thousand troops already in Tunisia, providing arms for a civilian militia, and proceeding methodically with the *ratissages*—house-to-house military clean-ups—that have already aroused passionate hatred in native villages. As Bourguiba had warned, however, such a course seemed foredoomed to failure.

Disbanding the Fellagha

Mendès-France did more than accept these facts. He accepted them with such high style that he was able to carry off a politico-military operation of exquisite delicacy.

In making his offer to the Bey, he was already trying the *colons,* and many voters at home, to the limit of their endurance. He was crowding his luck by trying to negotiate an agreement with the Neo-Destour while Neo-Destourians were sniping daily at French citizens, and their brothers in the Fellagha Army were burning down French farms. If he insisted on dissolving the French Empire, as one Tunisian *colon* remarked in the Senate, he might at least demand the unconditional surrender of the Fellagha Army in advance.

Mendès-France could reasonably ask Neo-Destour leaders to call off their terrorists in the cities; he did, and they did. But it was asking a great deal—more than many Frenchmen realized—to demand that the Fellagha Army be disarmed and dispersed before any agreement was signed.

The Tunisians don't have their autonomy yet. In fact, they are still under martial law, and Bourguiba is still in exile near Paris. Until the present negotiations end in an agreement, they have only the personal promise of a Premier who is in no position to guarantee that his legislative branch would approve such an agreement or the *colons* abide by it, or even that he will stay in office long enough to see the negotiations through.

Moreover, the Fellagha could not be disbanded easily, even by the Neo-Destour. The Tunisian Army of Liberation, said to number more than two thousand, was organized in small, mobile units spread over a vast mountainous terrain, with a few recognized chiefs but no central command. It included not only Neo-Destourians but also an assortment of independent nationalists—some as extremist as the Moslem Brotherhood in Egypt—and quite a few common outlaws who welcomed the protective covering of a "patriot's" uniform. Nationalists and outlaws alike had blood on their hands and a price on their heads; and most of them, having severed all ties with village and family, had neither job nor home to come back to. Above all, they were not sophisticated city people who could follow the subtleties of Franco-Tunisian relations. For the most part, their knowledge of this subject was limited to the muzzle of a French infantryman's rifle.

It was an extraordinary act of

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faith in a single man that the Neo-Destour should have undertaken to demobilize such an army under such circumstances, and Mendès-France realized it. The truce terms, announced late in November, revealed the anxiety and comprehension on both sides. Twenty-two truce teams were to go into the Fellagha zones on November 22. The French delegates would wait discreetly in selected villages. The Tunisians alone were to meet the Fellagha's spokesmen and offer them certificates reading: "The bearer shall not be troubled or prosecuted for actions prior to this date." Each certificate was to bear the thumbprint of the Fellagha who got it, with a duplicate print on a stub for the record. Certificates would only be issued in exchange for firearms. The truce period would end at midnight December 9—the date fixed for a debate on North Africa in the French Assembly. Anyone remaining in the hills after that would be hunted down without mercy by the French Army, with the full support of the Tunisian government.

THE TRUCE AGREEMENT was attacked violently from several sides. The *colons* said it was such proof of French weakness that it would simply encourage the Fellagha's resistance. The local Communist Party called it treason and urged them to ignore it. So did the Arab League in Cairo, which is holding out for total independence. And one of the three highest chiefs of the Fellagha Army, Tahar Lassoued, left notes on the newly killed bodies of two Tunisians reading, "This will be the fate of all traitors who try to make the Fellagha give up their arms."

But the biggest chief of all, Lahsar Chraiti, came down. "This war between the French and us," he told journalists, "was like a father killing his son. A father would not kill his son, but defend him in his difficult hours. . . . I have confidence now in my government and the government of France." As this is written, 2,539 Fellagha have followed him.

The Rising in Algeria

Without this triumph, Mendès-France could not have faced the French Assembly. Now, having obtained its approval by a close vote, he may be able to hold his enemies off long enough to keep his promise to the Tunisian people. But the closer he comes to success in Tunisia, the worse his problem gets in Algeria.

The *colons* in Algeria claim they didn't have a problem until Mendès-France became Premier. As far as

open violence is concerned, they are right. Until this fall, the country hadn't had a serious riot since V-E Day.

At 1 A.M. last November 1, however, thirty attacks were carried out against the French population. In Algiers, the capital, terrorists left three bombs at the radio station and tried to set an oil depot on fire. Elsewhere they bombed public buildings, burned crops and haystacks, cut telephone wires, blew up bridges, and killed seven people.

The outbreak shocked France as nothing in Tunisia could have done. Algeria isn't simply a colony. It is the home of a million Frenchmen. It has been French territory since 1830, and an extension of Metropolitan France since 1947, when a special statute was passed giving French citizenship to its eight million Moslems and assigning thirty seats in the French Assembly to elected Deputies representing Algeria's French and Moslem populations.

As far as most people knew in France, the statute had put an end to any nationalist agitation. The news on November 1, therefore, was not only shocking but astounding. The authorities at once rounded up several hundred suspected terrorists in the cities. But there remained a regular military formation of two or three thousand armed men calling themselves the Algerian Army of Liberation, entrenched in the wilderness of the most forbidding mountain range in North Africa, the Massif d'Aurès.

The first official explanation was that this army was made up mainly of Tunisian Fellagha who had come over the border less than a hundred miles away, that they were acting under orders from the Arab League, and that they were relying on broadcasts from Cairo and Budapest to stir up the local population.

There were several things wrong with this explanation. It turned out that no more than 150 Tunisians had come over the frontier; the rest were local men. There was no doubt that both the Voice of the Arabs beamed from Cairo, and the Budapest Arabic program—begun, significantly, six weeks earlier—represented an energetic effort to prod the Algerian Moslems into action. But very few villages in the indescribably poor and primitive Aurès had radio or even electricity.

If this was a genuine nationalist uprising, however, the timing was curious. Algeria was having one of the best crop years in history, which should have meant some prosperity for everyone. Just ten days earlier, the new Mendès-France Government had sent its Interior Minister, François Mitterand, to the Algerian Assembly with a promise of a $100-million public-works and development program and progressive political reforms. Furthermore, this Government was the first in years to show some understanding of Moslem aspirations, and was already negotiating with the Neo-Destour for Tunisia's autonomy. Why, after so many years of silence, open a terrorist campaign in Algeria at the moment best calculated to wreck the Moslems' hopes in Tunisia and destroy Mendès-France?

Target: the Premier

Even now, it isn't easy to answer these questions. But it seems plain that while there were several contradictory forces behind this operation, Mendès-France was its major target.

The Arab League is too xeno-

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phobic and extremist to approve of the Mendès-France policy in North Africa—a policy designed to keep twenty million Moslems loosely but loyally within the French orbit. For this reason, it has fought the Neo-Destour aggressively during these weeks of Tunisian negotiations. In trying to provoke trouble in Algeria at this critical moment, therefore, its motives were clear.

The same might be said for the Communists. They have very little influence in North Africa at present. But the longer the Moslems chafe under a harsh French administration, the more promising North Africa becomes for the policymakers of the Cominform.

The Algerian Moslems themselves weren't ready for the kind of rebellion the Arab League and Cominform might have liked to arrange. Nevertheless, they were more restless than the outward calm of Algeria had made them seem. The Arabs and Berbers here are forced, by a century of close association as well as by the Statute of Algeria, to accept the presence of the French. But it hasn't been easy for them. The statute had promised them universal free suffrage, cultural equality, municipal self-government, and an equal vote in the Algerian Assembly. None of these promises had been kept. Elections in Algeria are so cynically rigged that conservative M.R.P. Deputies have denounced them in the Assembly as "intolerable"; and the Moslem Deputies who are permitted to be elected are referred to contemptuously by the *colons* themselves as *"Beni-Oui-Ouis,"* or yes men, representing no one but themselves.

Over the last seven years, these practices have brought about the almost total eclipse of the moderate pro-French nationalist party, U.D.M.A., led by Ferhat Abbas. Its place has been taken by the extremist M.T.L.D., headed by an uncompromising agitator named Messali Hadj, who from his place of exile in France has been doing his best to prepare the Moslems for a war to the death against the French.

He has been directing an active political campaign for longer than the Governor General in Algiers cares to admit. In the "good" year of 1952, for instance, 920 M.T.L.D. members were arrested for sedition. But last September, Messali announced that something worse was coming. It was time, he told *Le Monde*, for Algeria's case to be brought before the world, and this would require "direct action."

According to M. Mitterand, the French Government had expected, and was preparing for, the action in January. Apparently the date was moved back because of a split in the M.T.L.D. last August between those who wanted to wait and see what Mendès-France would do, and the Messali Hadj fanatics who didn't. The Messali faction decided to move fast after October 19, when Mitterand came before the Assembly to pledge that the Statute of Algeria would be put into effect. Although nothing was happening in Algeria for the moment, Mendès-France presumably thought it wise to take preventive measures.

There are persistent rumors in Algiers that some of the hardiest *colons* did what they could, in collusion with the lower echelons of the police, to help the revolt along, if only by failing to notice the clandestine movement of arms. Whether or

not that is true, the November outbreak offered them the possibility of stopping Mendès-France both in Tunisia and Algeria, if not getting rid of him altogether.

'Algeria Is France'

However generous Mendès-France might have been in Tunisia, he had no choice but to be stern in Algeria. It may be evident by now that Moslems can't be turned into Frenchmen; "there is a European bloc and a Moslem bloc in Algeria," as the moderate Abbas said years ago, in denouncing the "lie" of assimilation, "distinct from one another and without a common soul." But as long as France is committed to a policy of assimilation here, Moslem nationalism is separatism, and separatism is treason. "Algeria is France," Mitterand declared soon after All Saints' Day.

There could be no question, therefore, of negotiating with the M.T.L.D., let alone giving quarter to a "liberation" army. The French government at once suppressed the M.T.L.D., arrested 196 of its members, rushed twenty thousand troops to Algeria to reinforce the fifty thousand already there, and issued an ultimatum warning to the 120,000 Moslems living in the 4,500 square miles of the Aurès to evacuate their villages before a "terrifying calamity" descended on the rebels, "after which a French peace will prevail."

In the opinion of several neutral observers, the ultimatum was overdramatic and unnecessary. Terrorism everywhere outside the Aurès had stopped after November 1 as abruptly as it had started. The great majority of Moslems, though not actively on the French side—as official communiqués claimed—weren't actively for the rebels, either; apparently they didn't agree with the M.T.L.D. that this was the time for rebellion.

MENDÈS-FRANCE was forced to take these steps, however, to avoid something much worse. The Algerian *colons*, almost to a man, were demanding "exemplary punishment," martial law, a civilian militia, a country-wide *ratissage*, and the resignation of both the Governor General and the Mendès-France Government. The Algerian Assembly rang with cries of "criminal negligence," and "betrayal." The rebellion, shouted a *colon* Deputy who owned a 15,000-acre farm, had been planned by Messali Hadj in the full view of the Government in Paris. "We must look for the responsible men in high places, far away," he said. "We have seen a Premier suddenly take a plane and in a few hours, with incredible nonchalance, consent to a policy of abandonment

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in Tunisia, with the most tragic consequences. The events here have been created by this Government . . . which has let the world believe that France is finished, that it no longer reacts, and that anyone can do anything to it with impunity."

In the middle of this speech, all the Moslem Deputies in the Algerian Assembly walked out, including the most confirmed *"Beni-Oui-Ouis."* It was a small protest, but an interesting one.

Preventive Warriors

In his letter to Laniel last May, Mendès-France had written: "The events which we try to stop or delay by force are, in reality, accelerated by it. For force transforms the peaceful political demands of mature national leaders into revolt, and pushes the masses, until then indifferent, into taking sides."

It is this danger that Mendès-France has been trying to avert in Algeria. So far, he has made every effort to avoid punishing eight million Moslems for the actions of a few thousand; for if the entire population is punished, there can be no illusions about which side it will take. "Form and arm a civil militia," warns a French civil servant who has spent thirty years in the Aurès, "and you will have a general uprising."

Mendès-France has made it clear that as long as he is Premier there will be no militia in Algeria, no martial law, and no wholesale *ratissage*. "We will reply to violence," he said, "by reinforcing national unity and showing the will of this Government to do everything possible to improve the lot of the people."

But the Algerian *colons* are enormously influential in Paris, and can be deadly enemies. They are flatly opposed to any political reform. "The gravity of the situation," one of them said in the Assembly, "forbids any concessions that would permit troublemakers to claim a victory over France." They are convinced, and they may be right, that once Tunisia gets autonomy, there will be no stopping the nationalists in neighboring Algeria.

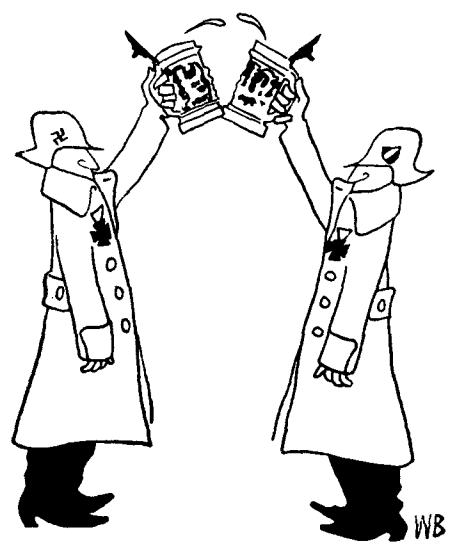
They are also convinced, and here they are almost surely wrong, that the only answer to these nationalists is preventive war.

Berlin Notebook: Two Putsches that Failed

MELVIN J. LASKY

It was hard to believe that on November 23 the crowded, screaming, fanaticized Sportpalast was the same hall in which the six-day bicyclists had been circling only a few days before, the small hall to which I had taken my small daughter to see the ballerinas from the Paris Opera.

The new makeshift indoor stadium in downtown Berlin replacing the bombed-out Sportpalast in which Goebbels had held forth had been for years pleasantly nonpolitical. Then came, in the recent local Berlin election struggle, the whirlwind campaign of the Deutsche Partei, a conservative group belonging to Dr.



Adenauer's Government coalition. A mediocre lawyer named von Heynitz turned out to be a crowd-pleaser, and supporters by the thousands began to flock to D.P. meetings. "To conquer the Sportpalast," the party leader shouted, "is to conquer Berlin!" Could this be the beginnings of the Nazi revival?

I was a little late in arriving. (West Berlin is recovering so fast economically that there are even traffic jams!) The brassy preliminary concert of march music was already over. A Deutsche Partei "usher," wearing black boots and dressed in odd blackish-brownish pieces of uniform, took me to the press table and handed me a copy of the party newspaper, *Berliner Front*, which had been banned by the American authorities just the day before. Messages of fraternal greeting were read from the rostrum, and the crowd of eight thousand roared at every reference to the Stahlhelm, the Waffen SS, the Frontkämpfer, and other remnants of the Third Reich. Here at last was the old solidarity—the crowd was happy.

Are the Nazis Strutting Again?

For most of us at the press table, these were "new Germans," different Germans. Certainly we had never seen the likes of them before in all the postwar years of political activity. Were they the hard core of Hitler's National Socialist Party? Surely there were still eight thousand of them around. Those faces on all sides of us were a grim and depressing sight, reacting meanly and twistedly to every angry charge from the podium. These were men and women who had come back from beyond the pale, who were refusing to live on forever as "the insulted and the injured," as compromised second-class citizens. Now they could scream again, now they could hate again.

We could only listen and look on, torn between pity and disgust. There was some anti-Semitic grumbling. But there were also some "pockets of silence and nonenthusiasm." Some university students refused to stand up during the singing of the first two stanzas (now unofficial and unapproved) of the German National Anthem in which the opening lines include the phrase *Deutschland Ueber Alles* and the reference to the national frontiers "from the Mass [in Belgium] to the Memel [in Poland], from the Etsch [in Italy] to the Belt [in Denmark]." To the jack-booted ushers, the university students were

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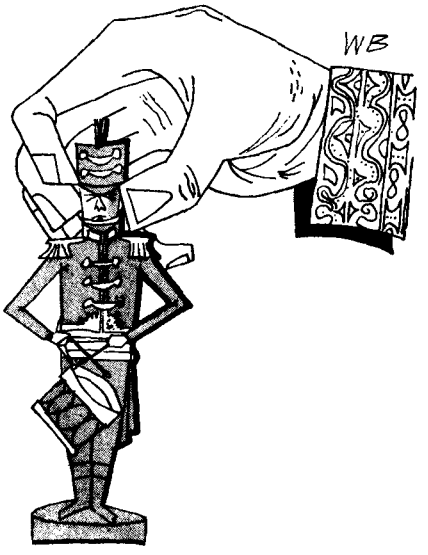
obviously "Kultur Bolsheviks" and "traitors," and at least two were sent to the hospital with bloody faces. As the Nazi bullies used to put it: *Willst du nicht mein Bruder sein, / Dann schlag' ich dir den Schaedel ein!* (If you won't be my brother, I'll split your head in two!)

The Visitor Is Too Smooth

As the campaign developed, it appeared that the democratic forces were fighting on two fronts—on the Right against the Deutsche Partei, on the Left against the Communists, who for the first time since 1946 were running an S.E.D. list of candidates. Pro-Soviet propagandists were agitating openly and vigorously in the proletarian boroughs; the Russians were even pushing their top East German spokesmen into west Berlin.

In a popular theater-district *Weinstube* one evening none other than Johannes R. Becher turned up—the first visit ever of an East German Cabinet Minister. A hundred faithful fellow travelers listened starry-eyed, but from the rear, infiltrated by reporters, came a barrage of embarrassing questions. Becher tried his best with the mild and flexible party line that Moscow has dictated everywhere. Of course they had made "mistakes." Of course they were "learning from the past." No, he would not deny that novelists Kasack and Plievier remained "fine writers" even after they had fled and rejected the East. But if the West had grievances, why couldn't one "sit down and talk" about them? Doesn't everybody go through changes and transitions? Wasn't he, Becher himself, once an Expressionist? And wasn't a discussion like this "a step forward"? Wasn't it something "wonderful"? Hadn't we all "learned something"?

I FOUND MYSELF raising my eyebrows in mild amazement all evening—here was the new zigzag turn of the line being executed with gentle skill! How far would it, could it, go? Would it convince anybody? When the meeting ended and Becher moved toward the door, he did not avoid me as the Communists have been doing for five years. "Ah, Colleague Lasky," he greeted me. I said I had noted with some satisfaction that apparently he too understood that only under conditions of western liberty could a fruitful exchange of ideas take place. "Oh," he said, "we could talk like this in the East too. . . ." And could he, perhaps, guarantee all the speakers against the hand of the secret police? "Well," he said, embarrassed but still slippery enough to get off the hook, "if you people are worried about that, why not continue this in the West?" Because we'd like to put you to the test on your own home grounds, say at the Café Budapest, next Tuesday, over Hungarian wine! "Tokay?" he asked with a gourmet's grimace. Then make it vodka. "Sure," he agreed hesitatingly, "sure," as a bulky pin-striped secret policeman tapped him on the shoulder and took him by the arm out on to the street and into his limousine.



The Balloon Goes Pop

The next (and final) D.P. mass meeting was held not in the Sportpalast but in the Funkturm auditorium, and in a very different atmosphere.

Public opinion had turned by then against these semi-professional demagogues. Parliament had passed a unamimous resolution denouncing them and had plastered the city with posters. The newspapers awoke and lashed out at them in editorials. Criticism from Bonn, where the Deutsche Partei ("reactionary" but not "extremist") shares in Adenauer's coalition Government, helped to break their self-confidence. This time there were hardly a pair of black boots to be seen. No greetings from S.S. or Stahlhelm. No violence. Nothing but mumbling, stumbling apologies. Von Heynitz regretted, denied, explained, weighing every word. And then to complete the deflation of the balloon, the students openly challenged him and his cronies to a session with the representatives of the world press who had flown in from everywhere to "see the show." From midnight until early dawn I sat with them in the dingy back room of a beer joint.

It was an encouraging sight. A handful of militant young democrats —how unlike their fathers twenty-odd years ago!—made monkeys out of the would-be Führers. Von Heynitz & Co. were caught in contradictions, in flagrant lies, were pushed into a foamy-mouthed hysteria. With an angry mutter and a helpless wave of the hand, they retreated through the door before the conference was even formally closed. A victory had been won.

With an electoral total of 4.8 per cent, the Deutsche Partei failed to place even one candidate in the Berlin Parliament.

An Exchange of Pleasantries

On Friday evening at eight, in the restaurant of the little Hotel Sachsenhof, a mile west of the Iron Curtain which divides Berlin at the Potsdamerplatz, Johannes Becher would come again "to continue the discussion"—so read the personal invitation I received in the mail. Should I go? Would it only be dignifying the Communists' propaganda maneuver? Or shouldn't one use every opportunity to confront, to engage, to expose the totalitarians? It was a challenge I could hardly sidestep.

This time Becher had brought with him a half dozen other Communist luminaries, including the well-known playwright Bert Brecht, the director Wolfgang Langhoff, and some poets and painters. He began with an "all-German tribute" to the late Wilhelm Furtwängler, continued with a humble apology for the "unfortunate factual misstatements" about the last meeting which had appeared in his own Communist press, and then proceeded to

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welcome "the friends who had come to continue the East-West talks. . . ."

THIS WAS a bit too much. I intervened to say that we had come not as friends but as political enemies, not as discussion partners but as press representatives who could not hesitate to cross-examine. *"Aber bitte,* dear colleague," came the soft reply. I had to go on: Becher, I said, while he was at it, might well make another retraction. Only four years ago I was an "arsonist" who had "burned down our beautiful Kulturhaus," "a spy" and "a war criminal" who had "deserved only to be destroyed." I quoted from the official statement in which he refused to accept the challenge to debate with Silone, Koestler, Sidney Hook, and myself, when all of us had been assembled here for the first Congress for Cultural Freedom. Then we were "nothing but a gang of international criminals, disgustingly babbling about civil liberties"; then we were "boring" and "rotten" and "not worthy of being looked at or listened to. . . ." How times have changed!

Put Up or Shut Up

"But the times have indeed changed," Becher quickly reassured us. "Why must we always go around digging into the past to revive old hostilities?" For an hour he made no thrusts, parried politely, and generously allowed all our western friends to let off steam about concentration camps, terror, the police-state, censorship, and refugees. His unruffled patience was exemplary. All this was apparently only "verbiage," and could mere words hurt him?

I could not resist making a concrete proposal that would involve a bit of practical action—and possibly

'GOOD PARTNERS'

ERIC SEVAREID

ONE OF the minor parlor games for idle hours around the nation's capital is recounting the instances in which the Federal Administration has reverted essentially to the foreign policies of the previous Administration—after implying that there were new and dynamic ways to do these things. The list has become familiar — massive retaliation, which has been soft-pedaled even as a phrase, unleashing the Chinese Nationalists, liberating captive peoples, psychological warfare, and so on.

And the results of the conference of Western Hemisphere Finance Ministers in Rio de Janeiro show clearly that our foreign policy on Latin America can now be added to the list. We now have the "good partner" policy toward Latin America instead of the "good neighbor" policy, but the contents of the package are not changed one whit. The new emissaries from Washington have had to tell our Latin friends just what the old emissaries had to tell them year after year—that there will be no big-scale financial aid to the Latin countries; that, much as it pains us, the urgencies of Asia and Europe are more urgent than those of this hemisphere; that we will help where and when we can, but that the basic job is up to them.

We have promised nothing new, save in degree, and small degree at that: speedier loans, we hope; less taxation on foreign earned income, we hope; and a little more money committed for technical assistance. We have had to tell them we cannot join the projected inter-American development bank; we'll make our own spot loans, but we cannot possibly sit in such a bank as arbiters between the claims of various Latin countries. We have had to tell them, again, that we cannot join a price-stabilizing mechanism; the United States cannot get into the business of helping decide how much coffee Brazil should grow or how many bananas Costa Rica should put on the market. We are up to our ears supporting the prices of our own surpluses, anyway.

There is nothing new, and it is very hard to see how there could be anything really new in these decisions. New faces, new minds can always take a fresh look, but the basic conditions never freshen; they remain the same. So the new men are returning to Washington now, knowing much more about Latin-American problems than when they went down there, and eagerly reporting as discoveries the old, old discoveries of all their predecessors.

They have discovered, first of all, that there is no such thing as a "Latin-American problem," and therefore there can be no such thing as a uniform Latin-American program for us.

There are twenty separate Latin-American problems, and they differ, sometimes vastly, from one of the twenty countries to another. They have discovered that Latin America has enormous economic potentialities, has many extremely able individual leaders, but—

But time, economic methods, and political systems move very, very slowly in most parts of that continent. Some governments are simply not stable and are therefore bad risks. One or two others have a real Communist problem. Others have a real corruption problem, so that foreign loans have a way of ending up in the wrong private hands. Some are planning badly, as with Brazil's effort to industrialize, with no coal in the country for power and with no real encouragement to those who may find domestic oil for power. They have discovered that the central problem is political in nature, that until feudal systems and oligarchies are ended many loans and grants and paper plans simply will not bear the hoped-for fruit.

BUT THEY have discovered, also, that Latin America *is* moving forward, however slowly; that its cooperation is enormously important to us, not only economically but in the world political struggle; that its best elements are dedicating their lives to bringing about a new day; and that the United States must help in every practical manner at hand.

(A broadcast by Mr. Sevareid over CBS Radio on December 3)

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a price he would not be prepared to pay. I turned to Brecht and offered him three, or five, or ten pages in the next issue of our review *Der Monat*. Therein he could write—for once!—without prepublication censorship, could write freely about war and peace and the glory of the Soviet Union, for we had no fear of the empty slogans he had been reciting that evening. The offer had only one condition—that I would get a similar amount of space in one of his periodicals. There was an uncomfortable hush at the front table. Brecht wriggled, Becher frowned; they both whispered hurriedly. Brecht didn't know whether he could make our next deadline—couldn't Becher write too? It was uncertain whether space could be found in one of their papers. . . . I insisted on a reply, one way or the other.

Speeches were cheap; this would require a deed. A Communist artist named Sandberg rose to denounce American "cultural terror." And how many pages would *he* want—to sketch for us Churchill or Eisenhower as "warmongers"—and how many pages would be give us in return for, say, some drawings by Low?

I am afraid I flung down the gauntlet with too much bravura. Was the challenge really accepted? Between Brecht's hem and Becher's haw, most of the correspondents present felt that the Communists had fallen into a trap of their own making. "Agreed?" I called out to Becher and Brecht as the meeting ended. "*Ja*, why not?" came the hoarse and barely audible reply.

Back to Normal

The next day the honeymoon was over. In the Communist press I was a "provocateur" again, a wild-eyed disrupter of peace and international understanding. Would they, now that the electoral campaign was over, find it worth while to expose themselves again to western taunts on this side of Berlin's Iron Curtain?

On Sunday evening, when all the million west Berlin ballots were counted, the Communists had succeeded in gathering 2.7 per cent of the total vote, an all-time low in the history of "Red, left, proletarian" Berlin.

There Is No Truce In Vietnam

PEGGY DURDIN

SAIGON

THE HOT WAR is ended. Dienbienphu is silent and deserted. No French convoys creep along mined roads. No Vietminh battalions hide in tunnels under bucolic Tonkinese villages. There are no more patrols, no sudden ambushes, no long clean-up campaigns, no battles, no dead and wounded.

Nor would the traveler guess, flying low over this homogeneous patchwork of jungle, mountain, and peaceful rice field, that Vietnam is divided into two sharply contrasting, antagonistic régimes. North of the seventeenth parallel lies the Communist Democratic Republic of Vietnam, formerly Vietminh; in the south is Bao Dai's State of Vietnam. This cleavage is temporary; at least the Geneva powers promised to end it by nation-wide elections in 1956.

THE SITUATION sounds simple. It is not. The cold war in Vietnam can be just as dangerous and tragic as a hot one, not only for the French and Vietnamese but for the United States. What should American policy—so shortsighted in the past—now be in this explosive area? To outline a course of action, Washington is going to have to answer some tough questions. *Can* the south be "saved," or, to put the query more accurately, can it help save itself? Will it be able to utilize American aid? How far should the United States impose its solutions on Paris and Saigon and interfere in the internal affairs of South Vietnam?

The Lay of the Land

North Vietnam, backed against Communist China, is about the size of Florida, a little bigger in area than South Vietnam, with a population of thirteen million against the south's ten. It consists of all of Tonkin—a rich, rice-producing river basin ringed by jungle-covered, malarial mountains which was the main battlefield of the war—and the northern bit of the old empire of Annam. The climate is variable in Tonkin, and the northerners are generally more energetic than the southerners; almost every Vietminh leader came from what is now North Vietnam.

South Vietnam includes the southern part of Annam and all the former French colony of Cochin China. It is a flatter and more tropical than the north, with a great fertile rice-giving river plain of its own.

Each Vietnam has a great port city (Haiphong in the north and Saigon in the south); both have airfields (improved with American money) and road networks, but the highways, bridges, and railways of North Vietnam were badly damaged in the fighting. Because the Red River delta in Tonkin is one of the most densely inhabited areas of the world, North Vietnam is a rice-deficit area, and its ability to export coal and cement will depend on the French turning over to the Vietminh their machinery in the Hongay mines and in the Haiphong cement factory.

South Vietnam, in contrast, exports more than a hundred thousand tons of rice yearly (more than a million tons before the war), as well as rubber, timber, tea, and copra. In addition, the south can count on almost unlimited financial and technical assistance from the United States if it gives signs of being able to utilize it.

North Vietnam is a Communist state, patterned after and in the stage of China's "New Democracy," which means the existence of several puppet non-Communist parties, *pro forma* participation of some non-Communists in government, and nationalization of land and business by degrees instead of at one bite.

The Vietminh call this type of government "democratic centralism," which, as one Vietnamese seven years with the Vietminh comments wryly, has plenty of centralism and no ob-

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servable democracy. "Elected" assemblies at the national, provincial, and village level theoretically represent the supreme governing power—the people. In fact, a *conseil du gouvernement,* or central committee, headed by Ho Chi Minh passes its dictates down through a pyramid of centrally appointed committees from the zones and provinces to the villages.

The Vietnamese Communist Party, whose organization parallels but is superior to that of the government at all levels, rules North Vietnam. Communists hold key posts in both army and civil administration; Communist policy directs every activity. Today there is a Communist cell in every army unit and every ten-family village.

North Vietnam's top administrators are Communists hardened by long experience in tackling almost insuperable problems in conditions of almost unimaginable difficulty. From headquarters in the remote malarial mountains of north Tonkin, they directed for a decade a wartime administrative apparatus that extended a thousand miles southward to the southern tip of Vietnam. (It took five months for a Communist agent to walk over mountain and through swamp and jungle with directives from Ho to huge French-surrounded Vietminh pockets in south Cochin China.) In most of the territory ceded to the Vietminh at Geneva, their local government had been in place and operating for some years; the Vietminh régime functioned at night as the real government of almost the entire Tonkin delta, under the shadow of French fortresses where Bao Dai's officials theoretically "ruled" by day.

Through the whole fighting period, the Vietminh trained cadres of officials from among peasants and workers, substituting them for the intellectuals, whom they consider untrustworthy as a class.

Non-Communist correspondents could not fail to be simultaneously impressed and depressed by the smooth, disciplined efficiency of the Vietminh in taking over the northern metropolis of Hanoi from the French. Throughout the latter years of the war, the Vietminh effectively controlled the countryside and villages of North Vietnam and some of the south and center, not only through governmental and party organs but through all the innumerable "people's" organizations to which every single individual, young or old, must belong: associations of women, children, Buddhists, Catholics, old men, families of soldiers, and so on. Other channels and methods of control are of course the military and civil Sûretés (secret police), the five-family guarantee system by which households watch one another, the

training of the younger generation to spy and tell on parents, and the widespread practice of public criticism as imported from China.

Puppets and Sects

By virtue of an agreement between himself and Paris, ex-Emperor of Annam Bao Dai has been Chief of State of Vietnam since 1949; since then he has appointed and dismissed, with thinly disguised French sanction, a series of "Présidents du Conseil" or Prime Ministers, who have in turn selected their Cabinets. Ngo Dien Diem, who is serving as Prime Minister of South Vietnam while this is being written, had not held public office since a brief term in the French protectorate of Annam more than twenty years ago; many of his Ministers are new to government. Unlike the north, the south has no close-knit team of high-level functionaries who have worked long and well together.

South Vietnam's administrative machinery creaks and cracks. Links are often loose or almost nonexistent between Saigon and the countryside, where authority is generally in the hands of the landed gentry. Last year the south experimented with elections on a local basis, but there has never been a national or constitutional assembly. Corruption, though widespread, is probably no more corrosive a force than plain inefficiency.

Unless one counts the underground Communists, there are no political parties in South Vietnam, largely because throughout the war the French permitted no real political activity by nationalists. Instead there are armed sects which exercise control out of proportion to their number over semi-autonomous geographical areas simply because in a sea of disorganization they are organized—with guns.

Of these groups the Cao Daiists are most numerous. With headquarters northwest of Saigon around a temple fantastically decorated with dragons, lotus, and all-seeing eyes, they have an army of about twenty thousand who follow a religion amiably compounded of Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Christianity, and spiritualism. The Hoa Hao (*hwa how*), schismatic Buddhists in the southwest corner of Cochin China, have about ten thousand soldiers and militia. The Bing Xuyen are glorified gangsters in and around Saigon, making up in financial ingenuity and general efficiency what they lack in numbers.

While the Vietminh were establishing their rule over Hanoi in precise, orderly fashion, there was—it is no exaggeration to say—almost no government in Saigon. A well-intentioned Prime Minister sat in his palace while sects and politicians scrambled and intrigued for power, and the police and army openly flouted his authority. In the countryside, army units tangled with civil authorities and the sects jostled each other trying to extend their domains.

The Leaders

In Saigon, ask any Frenchman or Vietnamese who is not afraid of you who would win nation-wide elections in Vietnam today and he will tell you bluntly, "Ho Chi Minh."

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Whatever Ho's actual authority may be in the party of which he is the head and the government of which he is President, this sixty-two-year-old Vietnamese with the wispy beard, the eloquent eyes, the sensitive face, and quiet manner is still regarded by most Vietnamese, north and south, as a tireless fighter for his people's independence, a selfless ascetic patriot, and the father of his country. Although Ho has been a Communist for more than thirty years, his fellow countrymen think of him not as a Marxist but as a nationalist; thus he is an invaluable asset for the party.

Vo Nguyen Giap, the stocky Vietminh general who defeated the French in Indo-China without ever having had a day of formal military training, is considered by many of the Frenchmen who fought him to be a military genius. Only forty-two in his great year of victory, Giap became a revolutionary at fourteen and a Communist soon afterward. He has been described as brilliant, arrogant, single-minded, fanatic, and a good hater. He is said to have remarked once that he would willingly sacrifice two million Vietnamese to achieve a successful revolution. So far the job has taken less.

Among other front-rank Communists are Nguyen Chi Thanh, top political commissar of the army, one of the few important young Communists of actual proletarian origin; Trung Chinh, the party theoretician; and Pham Van Dong, Vice-President and Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was chief Vietminh negotiator at Geneva.

North Vietnam's leaders have been toughened by years of revolutionary activity. Though they may differ in their degrees of allegiance to Russia and China, they are united by long comradeship in conspiracy and party discipline. They have the self-confidence of experience, fanaticism, and—above all—victory.

THERE IS not one public figure in South Vietnam who commands widespread respect and support. At forty Bao Dai has squandered whatever popularity he once had with his countrymen. He accepted office but refused to work at it, living in luxury in Dalat and on the Riviera, accumulating a tremendous personal fortune, and holding corrupt friends in office, while his countrymen died in battle. Skillfully reared by the French to be a puppet, this blank-faced, cynical, and intelligent man is backed today chiefly by those Vietnamese who count on him to unseat their enemies. Some respectable Vietnamese talk seriously of the benefit to be gained by his assassination.

Nguyen Van Hinh, Chief of Staff of the Vietnamese National Army, seems to be motivated primarily by his feud with Prime Minister Ngo Dien Diem. He is a former French Air Force colonel and he has a French wife. He is handsome, charming, quick-witted; comparing him to his opposite number, Giap, is like comparing a Siamese cat to a tiger.

Ngo Dien Diem, the first really nationalist Prime Minister of South Vietnam, is an honest, conscientious, idealistic, and courageous patriot. As an official he is inept, rigid, tactless, inexperienced, and ineffective. A short, handsome man in his fifties with an unlined face, he is a devout Catholic who has always had time for meditation and no necessity for making big quick decisions and implementing them. As one of his critics has remarked, he became famous over the last twenty years by refusing office. He has no taste or talent for politics.

Americans in Saigon have generally said, "Diem is Vietnam's last chance. There's no alternative." The French would prefer Nguyen Van

Tam, Buu Loc, or Buu Hoi as Prime Minister. Tam, a French citizen, long a civil servant under the French, a former Prime Minister and Sûreté head, is hated by Vietnamese nationalists. Buu Loc, a young and intelligent cousin of Bao Dai, also a former Prime Minister, is far more at home in Paris than in Saigon. Buu Hoi, another Bao Dai relation, is a young scientist who has also spent most of his life in France, has little following in Vietnam, is politically naïve, and is well known for expensive personal tastes and embarrassing entanglements.

There are some Vietnamese who might develop into leaders if South Vietnam could have a decade of political activity free from either French or Communist control.

Popular Support

No outsider really knows how well the Vietminh government is liked in North Vietnam. Most non-Communist intellectuals slipped down from the Vietminh zones to the south in the last few years. However, all reports agree that the young people are overwhelmingly pro-Vietminh. Through almost eight years of war the Vietminh made terrible demands on the peasants in terms of taxes and manpower, but peace should lessen these burdens. An effective drive against illiteracy and for land reform on the China pattern has made the Communists friends among the poorer villagers.

Westerners tend to forget that independence is real and tangible today in the north; with their own eyes peasants saw the French Army march away and French businessmen hurry south. In addition, nationalism in North Vietnam has a potent symbol: the Vietminh victory over the French at Dienbienphu. This is the Vietnamese equivalent of Red China's "Long March," only more powerful because it meant defeating white men.

THE VIETMINH will probably continue their policy of establishing political control with a minimum of force until the whole country is theirs through a referendum.

No government of South Vietnam has had popular support or done much to get it. Neither propaganda nor social and political reform has been undertaken on a broad basis. With the French Army still around, independence cannot be dramatized very effectively.

Many people in the south are pro-Vietminh, including a large number of Saigon intellectuals. Others are afraid to work against the Commu-

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nists. Nevertheless, many people believe that the government of South Vietnam could still win over most of the population if it would—without delay—seriously fight corruption, introduce democratic practices on the village level, and begin to give the people better schools, better medical aid, and a fair tax system.

But unless Saigon strongly counters Vietminh underground organization and tactics in the next few months, Ho Chi Minh will in fact have won South Vietnam.

The Vietminh, ostensibly withdrawing from the south, have left behind an extensive apparatus of village officials, local troops, and special agents. In some places all the Vietminh "people's" organizations still function; in others villagers have written their names on a register to show they are for Ho Chi Minh; and in some villages where there is nominal Bao Dai administration, the entire actual administration, including courts, is Vietminh. The north has agents and front organizations in Saigon. There is a group of intellectuals who insist that the Communists will not try to dominate the government after nationwide elections.

Vietminh strategy is simple and obvious: to infiltrate the population and army so heavily that the south must crumble from within. No one will be surprised, for instance, if in a few months Vietnamese in the south begin "spontaneously" to demand an earlier all-Vietnam referendum.

Needless to say, neither the government nor the army in South Vietnam has been strong enough to organize comparable infiltration of the north.

The Armies

Giap's army, which ten years ago was a handful of ragged guerrillas in the malarial mountains of Tonkin, is now the most formidable fighting force in southeast Asia. Its nine battle-trained divisions can draw replacements from thousands of regional troops; both regulars and regionals fight with fanaticism and discipline that stem from an elaborate system of political indoctrination.

Giap's Vietminh divisions have never been as well armed as French Union forces, despite heavy and increasing supplies from China. The Geneva agreement stipulates that only replacement of equipment shall be brought into North or South Vietnam, but even members of the International Commission admit that they have insufficient means to police the China border.

Afraid that a national Vietnamese army would turn against them, the French delayed its formation until 1951 (the year Giap formed his first regular division), and have never organized effective regional troops to support the regulars. Today the Bao Dai forces, although numerically equal to Giap's, are organizationally only a miscellaneous conglomeration of ill-sorted battalions.

The morale of the Vietnamese

Army has always been low. Dienbienphu and Geneva knocked it lower; perhaps half the troops stationed in the north just slipped quietly home—including a psychological-warfare unit! The dispute between Prime Minister Diem and General Hinh has done nothing to boost army spirits.

None of this is irremediable. Americans are sure the Vietnamese Army can become a first-class fighting force if it gets better organization (into divisions), better training, and the backing of a good Vietnamese government. The key phrase is good government.

Foreign Backing

Without Chinese aid—training bases in south China, arms, military advisers and technicians, and even rice—the Vietminh would not have won. But they would still be fighting.

Probably some top Vietminh leaders view the close Chinese connection uneasily. But it would be a mistake either to count on Titoism or to base policy on the theory that the Chinese have absolute control over the Vietminh. Unfortunately for the West, the relationship is a fairly flexible one. Peking and Moscow may have urged the great gamble at Dienbienphu, and they may have exerted pressure on Pham Van Dong to accept terms at Geneva, but it is unlikely that they could or would force North Vietnam to accept a semi-permanent division of the country on the Korea pattern.

South Vietnam's powerful friends have not yet decided just what they can do. What the United States wants (and what may be impossible to achieve) is a healthy, independent, democratic South Vietnam that can somehow prevent a Communist take-over of the whole country. France has not decided which of two courses to follow—whether to try to do business with the Vietminh (which in effect would mean handing the south over to Ho in some graceful fashion), or to try to keep a political foothold and economic interests in South Vietnam. For either policy, France naturally wants a pro-French government.

The first few months of the Diem Premiership illustrate the difficulties and dangers of Franco-American policies. Paris and Bao Dai made Diem Prime Minister because they needed a "nationalist" front man through the period of the Geneva conference and a sop to American independence sentiment. Diem was shocked by the Geneva agreement, the conspiratorial opposition of the sects, his complete lack of authority over the army (under pro-French leadership) and police (handed over by Bao Dai to an ex-gangster supporter just before Diem's appointment), and the subtle French nonco-operation that has led to a kind of administrative paralysis.

The French made no secret of the fact that they considered Diem hopelessly and dangerously inept. But needing American economic aid, they agreed to back him on the theory that even the Americans must even-

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tually discard him as inadequate. Various Frenchmen below the top level have encouraged General Hinh's and the sects' opposition to the Premier. The Americans, disillusioned by Geneva and the failure of the European Defense Community and determined to abandon their five-year record of being yes men to the French on Indo-China, have stubbornly and openly supported Diem.

It is American pressure—with lip service from the French—that has kept Ngo Dien Diem in power, or at least in office. This has led anti-Diem Vietnamese to accuse the United States of the same kind of colonialist meddling in Vietnamese politics of which the French were guilty. The French, on the other hand, will claim, if and when South Vietnam is "lost," that the Americans were to blame for retaining an ineffective administration through the critical post-Geneva months.

American policymakers face grave dangers in Vietnam. One is for the United States to become so committed to support of one man or group that it loses all flexibility of action. Another is for Washington to become so heavily involved in internal Vietnamese politics that its actions will seem to substantiate claims that the United States is establishing a new imperialism; this will cause Vietnamese resentment not only of America but of the government it backs.

A COUNTRY cannot be "saved" by the United States unless it participates in the process. Washington should certainly aid—to the degree that its aid can be used effectively—any Vietnamese government that moves steadily toward good, honest, and effective administration. If no such government emerges, no amount of American support will "save" South Vietnam.

An American Diplomat's Recollections of Vishinsky

CHARLES W. THAYER

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS of Vishinsky were during the Moscow purge trials of the 1930's. As chief prosecutor he had spun a fantastic yarn about the defendants' conspiring with Leon Trotsky to murder most of the Soviet government, including Stalin. Most of the alleged actions took place in the Soviet Union itself, where the chances of verifying them were nil. But every now and then the thread of evidence stretched across the frontier to foreign countries where Stalin's writ did not run. I had been assigned to report the trials for the State Department; and every evening as the stenographic transcripts were released, I pored over them in the American Embassy in Moscow, checking and comparing dates, names, and places as they appeared in the testimony.

According to Vishinsky, Trotsky's son, Leon Sedov, had met with one of the "conspirators" at the Hotel Bristol in Copenhagen in 1935. At once I coded a message to the American legation in Copenhagen: DOES A HOTEL BRISTOL EXIST? I asked. CAN YOU VERIFY REGISTRATION THERE OF LEON SEDOV?

HOTEL BRISTOL WENT OUT OF BUSINESS IN 1917, came back the reply.

Vishinsky described to the court how another defendant had flown in a private plane from Berlin to the Kjeller Airport near Oslo to visit Trotsky in December, 1935. Immediately we wired the Oslo legation: PLEASE CHECK LOG OF KJELLER AIRPORT FOR ARRIVAL OF FOREIGN PLANE IN DECEMBER 1935.

NO FOREIGN PLANES LANDED OR TOOK OFF FROM AIRPORT BETWEEN SEPTEMBER 1935 AND MAY 1936, was the answer. (Kjeller is a military airfield.)

Several times Vishinsky mentioned people who, he claimed, had acted as go-betweens for the conspirators and Trotsky and who, when I checked with the local police abroad, proved to have been dead when the allegations took place.

We often wondered why Vishinsky ever let himself in for these unnecessary slips. Surely he had enough spies and agents in Oslo, Copenhagen, and elsewhere to check his "evidence" before he published it. At the time we thought it must be because of his inexperience. It was, after all, his debut on the international scene. But his behavior at the United Nations demonstrated his exasperating indifference to facts, and I'm inclined to think that at the trials he didn't give a damn whether he was found lying or not.

Retreat to Kuibyshev

Vishinsky had been born to a well-to-do family of Polish origin in Baku, but while still a student he had turned Social Democrat and joined the Menshevik (moderate) faction. Later Trotsky said of him, "Vishinsky always chose wrong." Not until 1920 did he discover his error and sign up with Lenin's Bolsheviks. Because of that slip he served for years as a minor functionary, and not until the trials did he get a real chance. But from then on he rose rapidly.

When war broke out, Vishinsky was Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and our paths crossed more frequently. One morning in the middle of October, 1941, the U.S. Ambassador, Laurence A. Steinhardt, was urgently summoned to the Kremlin to be told that the Germans had broken through Moscow's outer defenses. The chances for holding the city were so slim that the government had decided to evacuate the capital. The diplomatic corps was to leave for Kuibyshev on the Volga within six hours.

But Steinhardt's orders were to stick close to the government, which in Russia meant just one man.

"What about Stalin?" he asked Molotov. "I can't leave if he doesn't."

Solemnly Molotov assured him that

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Stalin would follow by plane to Kuibyshev.

For five dreary days two special trains carrying the diplomatic corps crawled eastward at an average speed of five miles an hour. When at last we reached Kuibyshev, Ambassador Steinhardt sent me to arrange an appointment with Stalin. I was told Stalin was not in Kuibyshev.

"What about Molotov?" I asked.

"He's not here either."

"Who is the senior Cabinet member present?"

"There are none," I was told.

"Then just who is heading the government?"

"Andrei Vishinsky."

A few minutes later, Steinhardt and I climbed several flights of stairs in a dingy, third-rate provincial hotel and were shown into a small room. This presumably was the seat of the Soviet government. Its only furniture was an iron bedstead, a table, and a chair. Vishinsky greeted us and motioned Steinhardt to the chair.

"You and I will have to share the bed," he said, turning to me.

Steinhardt asked why the government had not come to Kuibyshev as Molotov had assured him. "I guess they just changed their minds," Vishinsky answered curtly. His self-assurance seemed undimmed even in that fateful moment.

THEN Steinhardt turned to the situation at the front. All along the line the Soviet armies were falling back. Whole corps were being surrounded and captured intact. The apparent invincibility of Hitler was giving grave concern to the entire anti-Axis coalition, including still technically neutral Washington. One might have expected a Soviet official to appreciate our anxiety over his country's distress and even to try to work on our sympathy. But not Vishinsky.

"When do you estimate that the Soviet armies will be able to make a stand?" Steinhardt asked anxiously.

"That will be decided by Comrade Stalin," Vishinsky answered with his customary arrogance. "Doubtless you will be informed of the event in good time." It was about as much military information as we got out of our Soviet ally during the whole course of the war.

Vishinsky (left center) and retinue in plane

Snubbed, Steinhardt rose to go. Vishinsky was all smiles, evidently pleased by the reaction to his rudeness.

"Before you leave," he said, "I must give you one piece of bad news. My government has, I fear, made a grave strategic blunder." Vishinsky's face lost its grin. Steinhardt listened anxiously as I interpreted.

"Yes? What is it?" he broke in impatiently.

"We are seriously concerned about the possible serious consequences of having evacuated the ladies of the Moscow Ballet and the gentlemen of the American Embassy to the same town." Vishinsky stared straight at me and burst into loud laughter. Even in the face of disaster he was determined to have his frivolous little jokes.

Potemkin Banquets

Not long after our arrival in Kuibyshev, the Prime Minister of the Polish government-in-exile in London, General Wladislaw Sikorski, flew over to inspect the Polish divisions Stalin had consented to form from among the prisoners of war captured when he and Hitler had been allies in the partition of Poland. The divisions were located far behind the lines on the barren steppes of Central Asia, where the only shelter was shallow foxholes carved out of the frozen earth. At times the temperature fell to forty below zero.

For Sikorski's inspection tour a special train was provided—three sleepers and a well-stocked baggage car. Two U.S. colonels and I were sent along to represent the United States. Vishinsky played the host. Throughout the trip he demonstrated that his skill in creating illusions was not confined to mock trials. He was just as skilled at faking festivals in the desert—and in wartime at that.

For six days the train poked along from one camp to another and at each stop there was a regal banquet of caviar, fresh meats, wine, and vodka. Our first stop was at a station aptly named Buzuluk, which in Persian means "bad place." At the Buzuluk banquet a Polish officer sitting next to me whispered: "Please don't get the idea we always eat like this. It's the first decent meal I've had in over two years." Later I discovered that the banquet came from our baggage car. When the feast was over, the remains were swept up and carefully stowed back in the train before we chugged on to our next stop and next banquet.

Each banquet was the occasion of much speechmaking. The Polish troops were understandably in very low spirits. In 1939 they had been crushed between the Soviet and Nazi invaders. For two years they had been held in prison camps in Central Asia, Siberia, and the Arctic. Large numbers, they already suspected, had been massacred at Katyn or elsewhere. Those who survived burned to get to the front and fight the Germans so as to hasten their return to a liberated Poland.

Every toast, every speech had the same theme: "Please, *Pan* Vishinsky, send us to the front." Frequently tears streamed down their faces as

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they clasped their hands and even knelt before the Vice-Commissar. Each time, Vishinsky would smile benignly and promise that as soon as they were fully equipped they would be given a chance to fight. After all, he said, he was of Polish origin himself.

THAT PROMISE, like so many of Vishinsky's was never fulfilled. In fact, months later when Stalin decided to get rid of the Poles by shoving them across the Iranian frontier, Vishinsky himself announced at a press conference that the Polish troops had refused to fight. When he told that lie I wonder whether he was thinking of those tear-stained beseeching faces and those hoarse, emotion-choked voices begging to be sent to the front.

Behind the Mask

Ordinarily Vishinsky's jokes and joviality were as artificial as his lies and fits of anger, but twice on that trip I saw him display genuine emotions. When we'd seen all the camps, the train took us back to Saratov on the Volga. En route we had stopped at a wayside station where many of us alighted to stretch our legs on the platform. Suddenly Vishinsky emerged from his compartment waving a sheet of paper and smiling from ear to ear. The first person he spotted was myself: "Look, Karl Georgevich!" he shouted. "Read this!"

He handed me a war bulletin. The Soviet armies of the south, it said, had halted the Germans, counterattacked, and recaptured Rostov-on-Don. The tide was momentarily checked. Vishinsky, beside himself with genuine joy, snatched the paper as soon as I'd read it and rushed on to show it to the next comer.

That evening we went to the theater in Saratov, where the evacuated players of the Moscow Art Theater were performing Chekhov's *Three Sisters,* a play about three provincial girls who longed to go to Moscow. There was scarcely a Russian in the audience who wouldn't have given his right arm to return to his beloved besieged capital. Sitting near Vishinsky, I could see that his customary cruel smile was missing. Once when the sisters wept and implored "Moscow . . . to Moscow . . . to Moscow," tears streamed down his pink cheeks. For once the all-powerful prosecutor and diplomatic horse trader had lost his mask.

'No More Room'

When the tour broke up, the two U.S. colonels and I went out to Saratov Airport, where we knew a special plane was waiting to take Vishinsky back to Kuibyshev. Saratov is about two hours by air from Kuibyshev, but by train even in normal times it takes several days because the route wanders far to the east before switching back northwest to Kuibyshev.

It was bitter cold. On the ground the temperature was well below zero, and a searing wind swept across the icy field cutting its way through innumerable layers of furs, sweaters, and woolen shirts. As we approached the plane, Vishinsky appeared at the door. "No more room," he announced, grinning evilly. We protested that there was scarcely anyone else in the plane except his bodyguards and a photographer. Eventually Vishinsky relented and allowed the two colonels to get aboard.

"But Karl Georgevich," he said laughing, "you can go back on the special train. Think what fun it will be with the whole train to yourself."

"But *Gospodin* Vishinsky," I pleaded, "it took us six days to make the trip with a No. 1 priority. It'll take a fortnight to get back with no priority at all. Besides," I added, "the baggage car is empty."

Vishinsky just grinned and ordered the mechanics to start up the engines. Then he disappeared while I stood shivering on the icy runway. Just as a crewman was about to slam the doors I screamed into the plane. Vishinsky reappeared and looked down at me being almost blown away in the gale.

"If you are very good, Karl Georgevich," he began.

Before he had finished the sentence I had clambered inside and sat down beside him on the cold metal bucket seat. The plane was a C-47 troop carrier. In the roof was a machine-gun turret enclosed in a plastic dome. For some reason the dome wouldn't shut. As we lunged down the runway a torrent of bitter cold air swept through the opening into the cabin.

Brandy and Boxing

Airborne, the temperature in the cabin dropped sharply as the wind whistled in. Vishinsky ordered the pilot to turn on the heaters, but the pilot explained that no heater would do any good against the icy draft. A thermometer on the wall registered four below zero.

For several minutes Vishinsky just sat and shook with cold. Then he reached into a bulging briefcase beside him and pulled out a large bottle of brandy. He took a long swig and then passed the bottle to me. It was one of the most welcome gifts he could have offered. In no time we had drained the bottle and momentarily were warm again. But within another quarter of an hour we were shivering as violently as ever. Again Vishinsky reached into the briefcase and out came a second bottle. "The last from the baggage car!" he screamed to me as he passed it on. That too was soon finished and we hugged our great fur coats around us to keep in the heat it had generated.

Another half hour passed. I was blue with cold. Beside me Vishinsky was trembling from head to foot. Suddenly it got too much for him. He leapt from his seat and shouted at me, "Let's fight!"

As I rose he swung on me and landed a punch in my ribs. I swung back and caught him in the stomach. For several minutes we pounded each other as hard as we could. But the altitude, the brandy, and the swaying airplane kept throwing us off balance. Vishinsky stumbled and hurled his arms around me in a clinch to keep from falling. I pushed him off and swung with all my might as he reeled backward. My fist missed him by a good foot and I fell forward after my straying right. He countered but his swing went over my head as I toppled and crashed to the floor. He lurched after his swing and sprawled on top of me.

"I won!" he shouted triumphantly. Then he spied the photographer.

"Picture!" he yelled. As he lay on top of me, a silly grin on his face, the photographer snapped the shutter.

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Los Angeles Pioneers In the Fight Against Smog

RICHARD P. ECKELS

Out in Los Angeles over fifty gimlet-eyed candidates are vying for a tough job. Besides an array of sheriffs, chiefs of police, FBI men, ex-postmasters, and retired generals and admirals, they include many a plain citizen whose principal qualification is that he hates smog.

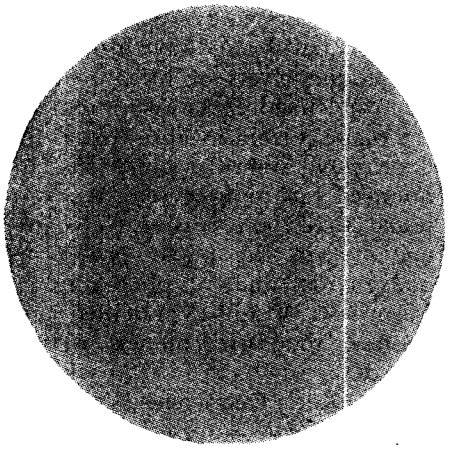
While metropolitan Los Angeles choked for an unbroken eighteen-day period last fall, there were demands that special prayer meetings be held, that new laws be passed, that someone be fired, that someone be thrown in jail, that the National Guard be called out to enforce martial law. Governor Goodwin J. Knight, bidding for re-election, called on Southern California's twenty-five oil refineries to shut down for a week or two, furloughing some 54,900 workers with pay.

All that actually happened was that Governor Knight lent the afflicted metropolis the services of Bernard Caldwell, head of the state highway patrol, to reassure the public that the law would be enforced. He was replaced early this month, after another spell of smog, by Captain Louis J. Fuller, formerly chief of traffic control for the Los Angeles police.

Scientists realize, if the public does not, that Los Angeles's perennial plague calls, at this point, for continued technological progress rather than for strengthened enforcement machinery. In a dingy two-story building in the heart of Vernon, the city's grubby manufacturing enclave, a task force of scientists and engineers is developing a new superscience of air pollution control—call it "smogology" if you like—and developing the basic knowledge and gadgets necessary to banish smog.

All year round, experts from Europe and America make pilgrimages to "Smog House" to catch up on the pioneer work Los Angeles is doing to analyze and control air pollution.

In the past seven years, metropolitan Los Angeles has cut its atmospheric sulphur dioxide in half and reduced its dust, fumes, and liquid particles sixty-five per cent. This record would be impressive enough if the population had remained static, but during those same years the metropolitan population has increased forty per cent and the area has undergone an even more spectacular industrial expansion.



Piccadilly Circus, London

Vanishing Catalina

Air pollution in Los Angeles was no problem at all until 1941. Until that year Angelenos on a clear day could always see Santa Catalina Island, twenty miles offshore. In part that was because Southern California uses very little coal as compared with, say, St. Louis, where annual per capita consumption runs about five tons. Then something happened. Catalina was more and more frequently obscured in a murky haze, and citizens began to complain of eye smarting. "Smog," it was called.

Whoever introduced that term to Los Angeles did his fellow citizens a grave disservice. When Dr. Des Voeux of London coined it in 1905, he was of course talking about smoke-and-fog. It took years to discover that the Los Angeles thing was neither smoke nor fog, and that the smoke-abatement measures pioneered by St. Louis, the first city in the world to curb industrial smoke, were not very helpful.

Meanwhile, many citizens theorized that smog emanated from a war plant making butadiene, a step toward synthetic rubber. If so, smog in a way was helping win the war; no true patriot would make much fuss about it. But the war ended, the butadiene plant closed, and yet the smog persisted and even got worse.

Of course the forty-odd municipalities of Los Angeles County were unable to get together on what could or should be done about it. There was a tendency for residential communities to legislate fiercely against smog and for industrial communities, hopeful of attracting more payrolls, to be as lenient as possible. Inevitably smoke and soot floated from factories to residential areas.

In 1947 California's legislature moved to end this impasse by authorizing any of California's counties to operate as an air-pollution-control district when and if it chose. Each county, moreover, was vested, in its capacity as a control district, with broad powers to prescribe and enforce regulations to curb air pollution by anyone or anything.

Los Angeles County, for whose special benefit the legislation was enacted, promptly set up a control district with the triple function of conducting applied research, formulating regulations, and devising enforcement machinery. Temporary chief was Dr. Louis C. McCabe, borrowed from the U.S. Bureau of Mines. As his assistant, McCabe selected a retired lieutenant colonel of Army Engineers, Gordon P. Larson, now director of the Los Angeles district, president of the nation-wide Air Pollution Control Association, and kingpin of the smogologists.

At first sulphur dioxide gas from oil refineries was the prime suspect. During 1948, a year during which the area suffered fifty-three days of bad smog, there was a rash of lawsuits in which suburban truck farmers accused various refineries and other chemical plants of damaging crops with the gas. Although the defendants conceded that the plaintiffs' crops had been damaged and even admitted releasing sulphur dioxide

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into the atmosphere, no expert witness could be found to testify that it had caused the damage specifically complained of. The litigation was settled out of court, with both parties convinced that there had been a miscarriage of justice.

Where science and the law faltered and hesitated, laymen were resolutely convinced. "Look," my favorite barber kept telling his patrons, "those places put sulphur dioxide into the atmosphere, and they don't deny it. In sunlight sulphur dioxide takes up oxygen and turns into sulphur trioxide. You remember your high-school chemistry. What happens when you dissolve sulphur trioxide in water? Right! Sulphuric acid. Our eyes are being burned by sulphuric acid!"

Of Laymen and Politicians

It sounded highly reasonable. The trouble was that, under carefully controlled laboratory conditions, scientists who exposed their own eyes to the two gases and even sulphuric acid vapors could not duplicate the effects of the Los Angeles smog.

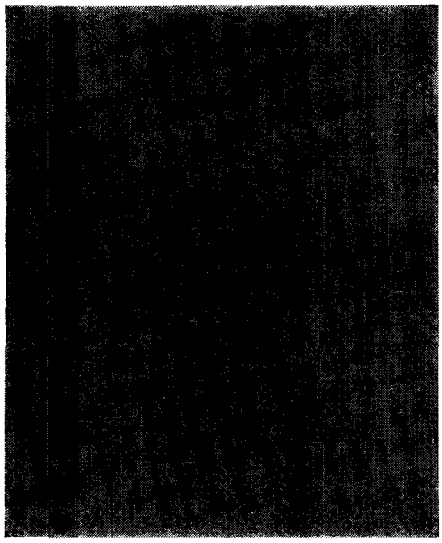
"Well," snorted indignant layfolk, "something is burning our eyes and damaging crops, and if it isn't sulphuric acid, suppose *you* tell us what it is!"

Any man of science who answered, "Frankly, we don't know what it is, but we are trying to find out," was in peril of being written off as a charlatan under retainer from some oil company. Other cities, everyone knew, had licked their industrial smoke problems. How about St. Louis? How about Pittsburgh? How about Salt Lake City? "Smog" was self-defined as nothing but smoke suspended in fog. Therefore, if eye-smarting smog existed in Los Angeles, it was the fault of wicked industrialists, corrupt politicians, and quack scientists.

To take a strong stand against smog is as good politics in Los Angeles as to come out fearlessly and flatfootedly against sin, the common cold or poison ivy in other jurisdictions. As the more gullible public finds it easy to believe that smog could be ameliorated by firing or demoting Larson, candidates and newspapers periodically attack him. Few men in public life have been subjected to such a barrage of abuse and misrepresentation. Larson, drawing $17,500 a year, tends to be philosophical about his role as public scrapegoat.

The Unknown Contaminant

Needled by public opinion and assisted by the control district's engineers, the refineries curbed their emissions of sulphur dioxide. One plant now recovers eighty tons a day of valuable raw sulphur from the gas once prodigally dumped into the atmosphere. Today there is less sulphur dioxide in the atmosphere of Los Angeles than there was in 1940. What now escapes comes from small



Los Angeles scene, November

sources—millions of fuel burners and automobiles — which are unable either to salvage it or to keep it out of the atmosphere. But the present concentrations are so low that no one is inclined to worry about them.

But even with sulphur dioxide greatly reduced, smog persisted. Many considered it more frequent, more irritating than it had been. To the baffled scientists, the unknown contaminant seemed too subtle to be detected or analyzed by normal laboratory procedures. In nearby Pasadena, the California Institute of Technology had a biochemist, Holland-born A. J. Haagen-Smit, an expert in isolating plant hormones and other delicate feats of microanalysis.

"Could you," the control district asked Dr. Haagen-Smit, "take a sample of the smoggy air of Los Angeles and tell us how it differs from normal country air?"

A few days later Haagen-Smit reported that the smog sample was peculiar chiefly in having an extraordinarily high oxidizing power. That ruled out sulphur dioxide, which takes up oxygen rather than giving it off. And Haagen-Smit recognized the distinctive odor generated when an organic substance reacts with ozone, a reagent he had often used to split large molecules into manageable fragments. Nothing but organic peroxides had that stench, he noted.

Another clue turned up when a truck farmer told Colonel Larson how his field laborers had complained of eye irritation one day, and on the next discovered his spinach crop discolored and ruined for market.

Dr. Frits W. Went, a Caltech plant physiologist, checked the stricken spinach. Yes, he had seen such damage before, as an expert witness in that court case where it was ascribed to sulphur dioxide. No, it was not sulphur dioxide; that caused a different sort of damage. But what this was, or how widespread such damage might be, he could not say.

McCabe, Larson, and Went made a quick tour of the truck farms on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

"Have your crops ever been affected like this spinach?" the trio asked growers. "Did you happen to notice any eye irritation about that time?" There was a surprising number of affirmative answers; such damage was just one of the innumerable hazards of agriculture—there were new ones all the time.

Under a grant from the control district, Went systematically fumigated plants with every contaminant then known to be in the air of Los Angeles, but in fifty-odd tries he found nothing that would damage plants at concentrations actually found in the atmosphere. He seemed to be up a blind alley.

Ozone Plus ????

Down the hall Went's old friend Haagen-Smit (both are natives of Utrecht, graduates of its university) heard of his perplexity. "Have you tried ozonides?" Haagen-Smit asked.

"Ozonides?" Went looked puzzled.

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"I never heard of them in the atmosphere. Who discovered that?"

"*I* did," replied his colleague. "Last year. The air-pollution people asked me to analyze a bag of smog, and I found ozonides."

"Ozonides of what?"

"Gasoline, I should think. The refineries and filling stations lose tons of it every day by evaporation, and so do automobiles, trucks, and busses. No one seems to have any accurate figures, but all that gasoline vapor has to go somewhere. What else could be injuring your plants?"

When Haagen-Smit sprayed a few drops of high-octane gasoline into a flask containing a minute concentration of ozone, a dense bluish vapor materialized, like a djinn from an Arabian Nights bottle.

"Looks like smog!" exclaimed Went. "And it smells like smog. And it makes my eyes smart and water like smog."

"It *is* smog," replied Haagen-Smit. "Synthetic smog."

"You think that stuff would damage plants?" asked Went.

"Let's try it and find out."

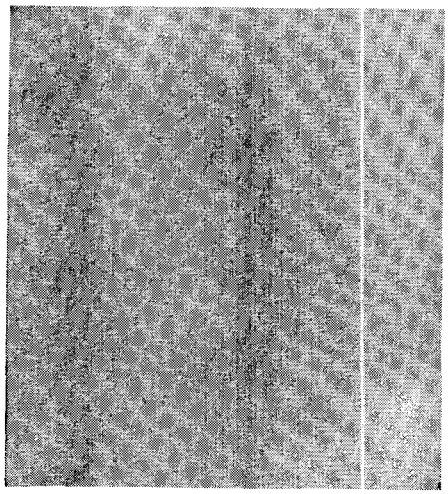
Sure enough, a test plant of spinach fell sick when exposed to the murky haze. And so did alfalfa. And so did sugar beets and oats and endive—all marked in precisely the manner of field-grown plants exposed to smog.

One discovery followed another in the Caltech laboratories. For one, the outpouring of ozone—nascent oxygen—into the Pasadena air seemed to follow an eight-hour day, beginning around 8 A.M. and ceasing around 4 P.M. Far from taking time out for lunch, there was a sharp burst of activity around noon. But on rainy and windy days it ceased altogether. Very peculiar.

Was ozone a hitherto unrecognized industrial waste? A semiautomatic recording device showed that Pasadena's ozone—on windless, rainless days and around noon—often reached a level ten times what it might be at your favorite resort at the peak of the tourist season. Something was putting it out in thousand-ton daily lots, but a quick check revealed that all the ozone-generating facilities in the United States could not manufacture such quantities. That knocked out any theory to the effect that it was a waste product of industry.

By what process, then, was it being generated out of doors in those staggering quantities? A laboratory man usually makes his ozone by passing an electric spark through oxygen, mimicking a thunderstorm. But as Pasadena has a thunderstorm only once in a blue moon, that was not the answer.

The shape of the daily production curve indicated that sunshine was a factor. Another ingredient of the process was found to be nitrogen dioxide, a product of all combustion. But all the daily burning of Los Angeles County's fuels and rubbish



Fog-dispersing apparatus (FIDO) at British airfield in thick weather

yields only 250 tons of nitrogen dioxide, not nearly enough to make a thousand tons of ozone. Haagen-Smit was ultimately able to prove that nitrogen dioxide serves as a catalyst, converting atmospheric oxygen into its unstable form—ozone—in the presence of sunshine. His studies further tied four manifestations of smog to the reaction of ozone with gasoline vapor.

Tracing Gasoline Vapor

As the refiners had been falsely accused in the sulphur dioxide matter, they were understandably reluctant to confess any other responsibility for smog, insisting that no great amount of gasoline could be evaporating at any stage of the refinery process. But after Dr. Paul P. Mader, a Vienna-trained chemist in the control district's laboratories, developed a supersensitive method, accurate to one part in ten million, for measuring minute concentrations of gasoline vapor in air, it was possible to demonstrate that forty tons were being lost daily from a single skimming pond.

Over-all estimates for Los Angeles County's refineries indicated all of them together were losing some $30 million worth of gasoline to evaporation annually. With that finding, the issue took on a different aspect; no longer a matter of face saving or of public relations, it concerned profits. And, oilmen were quick to realize, evaporation on such a scale created a local fire-and-explosion hazard that had to be curbed, and the sooner the better.

Larson was able to promulgate a unique plan for regulating the bulk storage of petroleum products, requiring the industry as a whole to meet four consecutive deadlines. To date refinery losses have been cut in half, and the indications are that all the required construction will be complete well in advance of the final deadline, May 1, 1955.

That L.A. Traffic

Equally disturbing in other quarters was the finding that the 2.3 million motor vehicles circulating in the Los Angeles area were also emitting huge quantities of gasoline vapor. Currently, the daily total runs close to 1,200 tons, say an annual $30 million worth at the filling station.

As everyone knows, you get far less mileage in stop-go city traffic than on the open road, but until recently no one had correlated that with the air-pollution problem. It shapes up like this, according to figures given me by an engineer who is working on the problem: At cruising, around 250 parts per million of your total exhaust is unburned gasoline vapor. When your car idles, the output is trebled or quadrupled. But when you lift the throttle and decelerate, the output of gasoline vapor goes as high as 5,000 parts per million. In the combustion cycle, all this gasoline is only heated and squeezed, then discharged at the tailpipe.

"The automotive engine as we know it," Colonel Larson explained to me, "is like a gas stove in which some seven per cent of the holes in the burner are never lighted, but

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keep discharging gas into the atmosphere. Further evaporation, from carburetor and fuel tank, brings the total loss under some conditions to eight or nine per cent."

The only thing you can do about it is to destroy the unburned vapor between the engine and the outside air. That calls for an afterburning muffler. In various stages of development are versions of the basic device utilizing electrical, mechanical, and chemical principles. At least one of these should be ready for the market within a year.

According to production men, the most receptive customers will be the larger bus and truck companies. The smaller companies, the marginal companies, and the private motorist, the believe, may be less willing to part with the $30 or $40 a smog-controlling muffler might cost them. As the devices do not improve gasoline mileage or engine performance, the sales talk will necessarily stress doing your bit to minimize the smog nuisance.

At "Smog House," they hope someone will come up with a simple design that won't cost over ten dollars, and will be good for the life of your car. The closer any device approaches those ideal specifications, the more readily it can be made mandatory equipment.

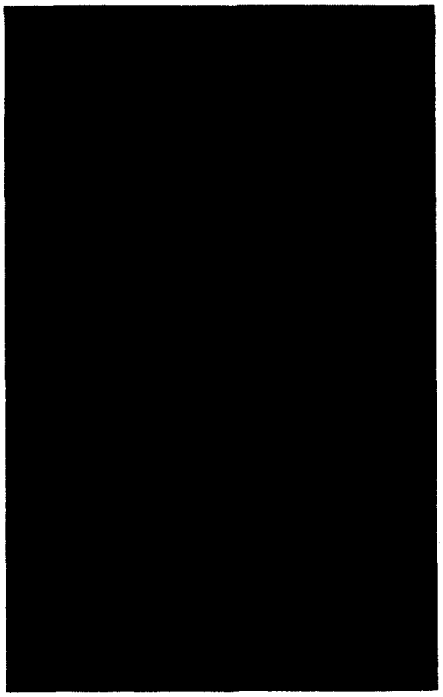
Three to Ten per Million

Haagen-Smit, who started all this by analyzing a bag of smog, has just discovered that ozone and gasoline vapor interact to produce smog only in a narrow limit of concentrations, ranging from three to ten parts per million of gasoline vapor. Less than three p.p.m., no smog. More than ten p.p.m., no smog. That explains the old puzzle of why the air is normally clear in the immediate vicinity of an old-fashioned oil refinery but densely murky a short distance away.

For the immediate problem of smog control in Los Angeles, the implication seems to be that free gasoline vapor in the Los Angeles atmosphere must be reduced to one-third or even less of its present maximum value. It implies this too: If your community does not yet have smog (Los Angeles type), it is probably because concentrations of gasoline vapor have not quite reached the critical level of three p.p.m. You may be closer to smog than you think, at a place where a five per cent increase in motor vehicles would shove you over the line.

The effects of gasoline-generated smog are less obvious where a smoke-and-soot nuisance exists, but the characteristic damage to plants has been spotted throughout the United States and even in Europe. If you know what to look for, you may find it anywhere. Not only spinach, alfalfa, sugar beets, oats, and endive are affected; the lengthening list now includes annual bluegrass, chard,

Photos from Ben Day



Pittsburgh in the 1920's

clover, gladioli, iris, petunias, pinto beans, romaine lettuce, and snapdragons. Observed damage in the Los Angeles area ran over $1.5 million last year, according to Dr. John T. Middleton, head of the University of California's smog researchers.

Industry's Part in Pollution

Until the technologists, engineers, and inventors can catch up with pure science in other areas, Larson's organization is concentrating its enforcement activities on industrial smoke and fumes. Under the California statute, his control district is clothed in broad powers. Subject only to review by a three-man board of appeals, the district is legislature, policeman, judge, and jury.

But Larson, as smog czar, is not a man to throw his weight around. His current rule book runs to only nineteen pages, all of it firmly based on technology.

The loopholes, few and far between, correspond to technology's unfinished business, and the industrial picture—as opposed to the private one—in Los Angeles today is about as thoroughly cleaned up as the present state of technology permits. What has been done so far has cost the county taxpayers an annual eleven cents per capita. For the current year, with more ambitious projects in the mill, the budget has been jumped to $1.2 million, twenty-five cents per capita.

When his smog-control activities do not benefit his balance sheet, the average industrialist needs an enforcement agency to hold him to the mark. "In my lampblack factory," one retired manufacturer told me, "we had known for twenty years that we were putting out unnecessary smoke, and we'd known for eight years that we could control it by installing $30,000 worth of equipment. Whenever anyone raised a ruckus about our smoke, our public-relations man would put out a counterblast of doubletalk. One day the inspectors slapped a summons on me, and within six weeks we had curbed our smoke to everyone's complete satisfaction. It's only human nature to dilly-dally and drag your feet unless you have to meet a deadline."

The open hearths in which nine-tenths of America's steel is made are being brought under control. The orange-brown smoke they belch in huge quantities is mostly iron rust but, being finer than talcum powder, tends to float indefinitely in the air, obscuring the sun and restricting visibility over a wide area. An electrostatic precipitator, costing $150,000 and up, can collect ninety-eight per cent of such dusts before they leave the stack.

Rubbish!

Well over half the smoke visible in metropolitan Los Angeles, it is now known, comes from back-yard incinerators and public dumps. On the average, a modern city dweller generates about two pounds of combustible refuse a day. When you add in the fallen leaves, rose prunings,

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and hedge clippings, the total soars. Burn your newspapers, cardboard cartons, and garden trash at low bonfire temperatures, and you get poor oxidation and much smoke.

The total smoke produced is about the same whether it is produced retail in backyard incinerators and vacant lots or wholesale at public dumps. Either way, the smoke becomes a nuisance once the population density passes six persons per acre, according to A. M. Rawn, chief engineer and general manager of the sanitation districts of Los Angeles County.

Landfill disposal and sea dumping are impossible for Los Angeles, and in theory, high-temperature, smokeless incineration would be ideal, but at this stage it offers so many technical difficulties that it is not regarded as wholly satisfactory for the home, the apartment house, or the municipality.

Meanwhile, on the basis of techniques developed in the Netherlands and adapted by workers at the University of California, Los Angeles sanitary engineers are looking into the possibility of fermenting garbage and combustible refuse into fertilizer. They scoff at recent magazine articles suggesting that there is money to be made by the process, and they point out that wax paper and plastics will burn but not ferment; these would have to be disposed of separately, along with brickbats, bedsprings, rubble, glass, and metals.

I asked Colonel Larson what he considered the duty of every citizen in the matter of air pollution. A West Pointer always looks serious when you mention duty. He rubbed his class ring—an unconscious gesture, I am sure—and said earnestly: "We are all in this together—government, industry, the public. It does no good to point an accusing finger at whatever mill or factory is nearest you and blame it for all the air pollution you notice. Inefficient burning by the public contributes both visible smoke and invisible vapors to the total situation anywhere.

"If the cities of the world are ever to have decent air to breathe, each of us must do all that he knows how to do. None of us can afford to be smug about smog."

The Christmas When Everything Was Possible

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

In mid-December ten years ago, I was looking forward to a quiet Christmas in upland Luxembourg, and Christmas would not be complete unless I could get my brother, who was then occupying a shanty some fifty miles north of me in Belgium, to drive down across the Ardennes and celebrate it with me.

I could offer him the comforts of the Hotel Brasseur, the best in the capital of the grand duchy, whose service was fast recovering after the interval when it had been called the "Brasser" because of the Germans who occupied it. Only its wines—for a starred establishment barely ten miles from the Moselle—were atrocious; but the management shrugged that its best ones had all been consumed by our predecessors, and that in any case it was impossible to run down now to the Moselle to shop for more, since the *Boche* was still dug in there, wasn't he? The implication was left that if we were so anxious to get good wines, why didn't we do something about dislodging the supposedly beaten enemy from the Moselle instead of letting him settle down into winter quarters there, right on liberated Luxembourg's doorstep?

But a sort of Christmas spirit, compounded with feelings of stoicism and year-end disappointment, had descended upon us here in the central sector, under the protective shoulders of the Ardennes. The war was supposed to be over by now; the enemy's headlong flight from France was supposed to have carried him across the Rhine, where like a sensible person he was to have given up. The only two things people could agree on were that somehow we had run out of gas in the pursuit and that the enemy was not sensible. Were we going to settle down after all into a dull war of position, like our fathers' one? In that case . . . relax, and try to get in out of the cold. Two thousand Christmas turkeys had come up by truck to our nearest food dump at Arlon.

The Happy Man

The one completely absorbed and happy man I saw at our Twelfth Army Group headquarters was the young officer in charge of the huge green-and-purple wall maps of its war room, over which he had drawn on his transparent overlays a brilliantly lit pattern of red, blue, and black lines and symbols denoting units and fixed positions. He stood back with me to observe his handiwork. There was order and a classic symmetry of opposing forces in it. "No change," he remarked, as if hoping that nothing would come to disturb the perfection of his design. "What's your latest on the 1st SS Panzer Division?" asked a muddy-booted regimental commander beside me, noticing this crack enemy unit listed among those "unlocated." (If it had been up opposite our line, it would have rather destroyed the symmetry.)

"Nothing new, sir. We figure they may be in for a rest and refit back of the Rhine." "And the 11th Panzer?" "Probably the same story, sir." Our Christmas spirit extended even to the enemy.

I went home to the hotel after dinner, kicked off my boots, and ordered up a bottle of the sour wine. Tomorrow I would call my brother.

December 16

At dawn I awoke with the uneasy sensation of having drunk too much, although I had managed barely a glass or two. But the oppression and the rumbling were unmistakable. Then suddenly I found myself on my feet realizing that the rumbling was not in but around me. I hurried to the eastern windows and saw distant flashes lighting up the whole length of the dawn overcast.

"Enfin, ça commence!" the room waiter blurted, glowing as he

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brought me my early cup of coffee, gratified to see me up. "You are marching today, *mon colonel?*" (I was not, I hasten to say, a real colonel at all, but only a civilian on special duty "assimilated" as one, but one could not expect a Luxembourger to follow such a point.)

A surprised glance which I was not quick enough to conceal conveyed itself to the waiter. His face fell into immediate, ominous suspicion. "Or is it perhaps *they* who are marching?"

One did not discuss military operations with the local population. "There is evidently increased activity," was all I said.

"Evidemment. Evidemment." He left me with that look of utter mistrust which only the citizen of a small and helpless country can turn upon the representative of a great power cast into his midst, complete with his massive accoutrements and yet possibly not master of the situation after all.

Calling MASTER

It was late next day when I remembered to call my brother. The war room was full and the young map officer was scowling as he erased one of his bright lines after another. I cranked the field telephone and called my brother's unit in code: "MASTER . . . MAYWINE." "MASTER" denoted the headquarters of the First U.S. Army, to the north of us in Spa. The sergeant operator answered with the voice of one harassed, "I'll put you through Paris Military." Through Paris? That was as if a call from Trenton to New York were routed via Pittsburgh. Evidently something had come between us and the nearest American army headquarters.

THERE IS AN inner circle of great battles that have their own life in the historical imagination, accumulating symbols and legendry—much of it provided by the myth-making of their own veterans—yet sustained also by some unpredictable lodgment in popular emotion or what used to be called "the collective unconscious." Not all of these are of that elite company nominated by historians as "the decisive battles of history." Leipzig was surely more "decisive" than Napoleon's swan song at Waterloo, and the vast, sprawling First Battle of the Marne probably more so than the French sacrificial ordeal at Verdun. A logical American historical emotion about the winning of the last war in Europe would center on the immense and brilliant engulfment of Hitler's Seventh Army and his whole panzer force in the West after the Normandy Break-out, from which he was never entirely to recover; instead, we seem to choose the Battle of the Bulge, the stopping of his final, desperate effort to break the closing trap. The mind demands the manageable and comprehensible, which the strategist's far-flung, ultimate masterpiece often is not, and seeks for its symbols such moments of dramatic unity and singleness of purpose as the repulse of Pickett's charge or the relief of Bastogne—in short, the narrow escape, the near thing.

Turkey Hash

Our first signs in the affair of ten years ago were not, as I now recall them, handsome ones: I mean the moral signs. (I was, I repeat, not a soldier, but only an assimilated propagandist; the nearest I came to danger myself was under one very inaccurate pass by a strafing plane that sent me hurtling into the ditch, where on searching for a handkerchief to stanch a bloody nose I pulled out of my pocket the manuscript of a radio talk I had delivered on order a few nights before to the German Air Force, challenging them to come out and fight.)

I had business forward—that is, what was formerly sideward—because of a powerful radio station from which we were broadcasting to an evidently large German audience, and which would be lost both to us and our listeners if Rundstedt's people kept advancing upon us. I remember the colonel in a barn at VIII Corps who blamed the 106th Division for giving way; the First Army man above him who was inclined to blame VIII Corps; the Twelfth Army Group man who fumed at First Army and the adjoining British; the man above him who cussed out the damned British, the G-2's, and our air; and the others who jumped out of jeeps to shake off snow at glowing war-room stoves and cuss out the British, First Army, the air, G-2, Supply, our lousy winter equipment, the lousy French, and that thin line of generals at SHAEF who, the saying ran, were the only thing that had stood between us and victory.

Meanwhile the enemy stabbed ahead under the overcast. The Hotel Brasseur rolled down its iron shutters, realizing it might soon become the "Brasser" again, and a stick of bombs hit our two thousand turkeys and blew them all over the fields.

Paralyzing Suspicion

Today we know, or think we do, where the particular faults that led to that breakout lay. At the time we

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knew only that some gaping and perhaps even general fault had opened up in ourselves. The Christmassy confidence of December 15 had changed into torturing self-doubt by the seventeenth. We trusted neither each other nor ourselves, and so, even when moving together in strong convoy, became divided. It was known that enemy infiltrators had worked their way through our lines in American uniform, but their main infiltration was into our minds. The dark was full of betrayers; roadblocks were thrown up all the way back to Paris. We stopped and nervously interrogated one another before leveled carbines, ordering officers who were trying to get up to their units to climb out of their vehicles and recite the names of the Dodgers' manager and first baseman in order to prove that they were genuine Americans and not something else. I feared for one of my captains, an ex-Viennese novelist with a smooth manner and an unmistakable accent, who was our crack writer of broadcasts to German troops but who had probably never heard of the Dodgers, let alone their first baseman.

'Scare 'em'

My captain got back to us—through sheer Viennese bluff, I gathered, which was not entirely reassuring either, for the man *did* look suspicious. Next day a general at Army Group called me in to say, when I asked him how the battle was going, "Fine. Just fine. We'll trap the whole bunch of them. That's the word to use in your broadcasts to them: They're in a trap. Scare 'em." He eyed me sharply. Then he lowered his voice while his windows rattled under the cannonade. "Just how much perimeter protection have you got around that radio station of yours tonight, Hale?" I said, rather proudly, that I had troops—propaganda troops, not fully trained, to be sure, being mostly refugee language and radio specialists who had never handled a gun; but still, in a pinch . . .

He gazed at me bleakly. "Oh. *Those.* Look, there's been an infiltration right in this area this afternoon. . . . Some of Skorzeny's disguised Germans, we think, maybe heading right for your station. Better get back there fast, button up, and be ready to shut down." I disliked that general for telling me to scare the Germans while he was scaring me too, and grew queasy as I walked back to my station in the blackout. The sentry's voice at the gate challenged me. It was a peculiar, alien-sounding "Halt"—not at all G.I. Then the shadow barked again: *"Who gohss dere?"* I stopped dead. *"Ad-vantz and be recock-naizt!"*

There could be no question about it: The general was right; they had already come in and taken over. I couldn't escape, standing outlined against a field of snow, unarmed. So I advanced and in one last flicker of spirit shone my flashlight into the sentry's face at the very moment he shone his in mine. We shouted in recognition: The sentry was my own sergeant, a Doctor of Music from pre-Hitler Vienna.

Presents from Seine Base

It was good to get to know one's friends, even in the dark. But their movements were still unaccountable and mysterious. One heard rumblings of heavy equipment rolling down the next dark street, but which way was it going? It would mean one thing if it were going into the area of the horizon flashes, the opposite if it were coming out. One listened to the wildest tales: Hitler was to broadcast a peace offer on reaching the Meuse in time for Christmas. Men did odd things: There was the corporal who took to walking down the street swinging his rifle and singing hymns in full voice, disturbed but evidently sober, and there was the genius back at Seine Base Section who, while units up front were clamoring for ammunition, rations, medics, and replacements, sent up instead a whole convoy of Christmas parcels freshly received from home.

I don't know just when the turning point came. Perhaps it began to come at that moment. The man at Seine Base Section might have been demented, but there was something expansive, neighborly, and utterly unflustered about his sending us our presents in replacement for our lost turkeys. As we opened them wherever we stood, either grumbling or laughing at the absurdity of it, the tinsel, the squashed plum cakes, and the useless foot warmers helped reestablish a human linkage that out here had suddenly failed us.

'Be Ready Tonight . . .'

Now expectancy, not panic, was in the air. But the visible turn was yet to come; a hundred things could still go wrong. My field telephone rang and a voice, speaking in the slang that was America's protective language against eavesdroppers, instructed me dourly, "Be ready tonight to roll with the punch. . . ." It was my general, who had already several times "trapped" the enemy. So we might have to run for it here after all. After passing the word, I hurried over to the Brasseur to pack my blanket roll, stealthily and with a sense of shame. The observant room waiter knocked and asked if I would care for wine. Kicking my roll under the bed, I said in an effort to keep up appearances that, very well, he could bring up a bottle of his usual worst—although I had little stomach for wine tonight. When he brought it, I ignored it until my packing was done, and then took a sip. It tasted different, utterly different. It was, in fact, superb. I looked at the label: It was a splendid Bernkasteler Doktor of the classic year 1929, perhaps the most hallowed growth along the whole Moselle. The check lying beside it was blank but for these words in English: "That you will return soon." It was signed "The Direction."

I THINK that was my personal turning point. I went downstairs to find and thank The Direction, only to find the office shuttered and dark, and so went out into the street. No window stood open; no figure moved. The northeast rumbling was continuous now. We were visibly a vacuum here, and anything might move in. Yet, I sensed, there was more here and around us than one could see, just as there was, I began to feel, some certitude far down in us which a final moment tapped. Now, in the dark and waiting street, I could feel it rising.

'C'est Formidable!'

Perhaps I had already sensed a distant vibration approaching from the west and south when this particular awareness seized me. I cannot say now, and doubt whether I knew

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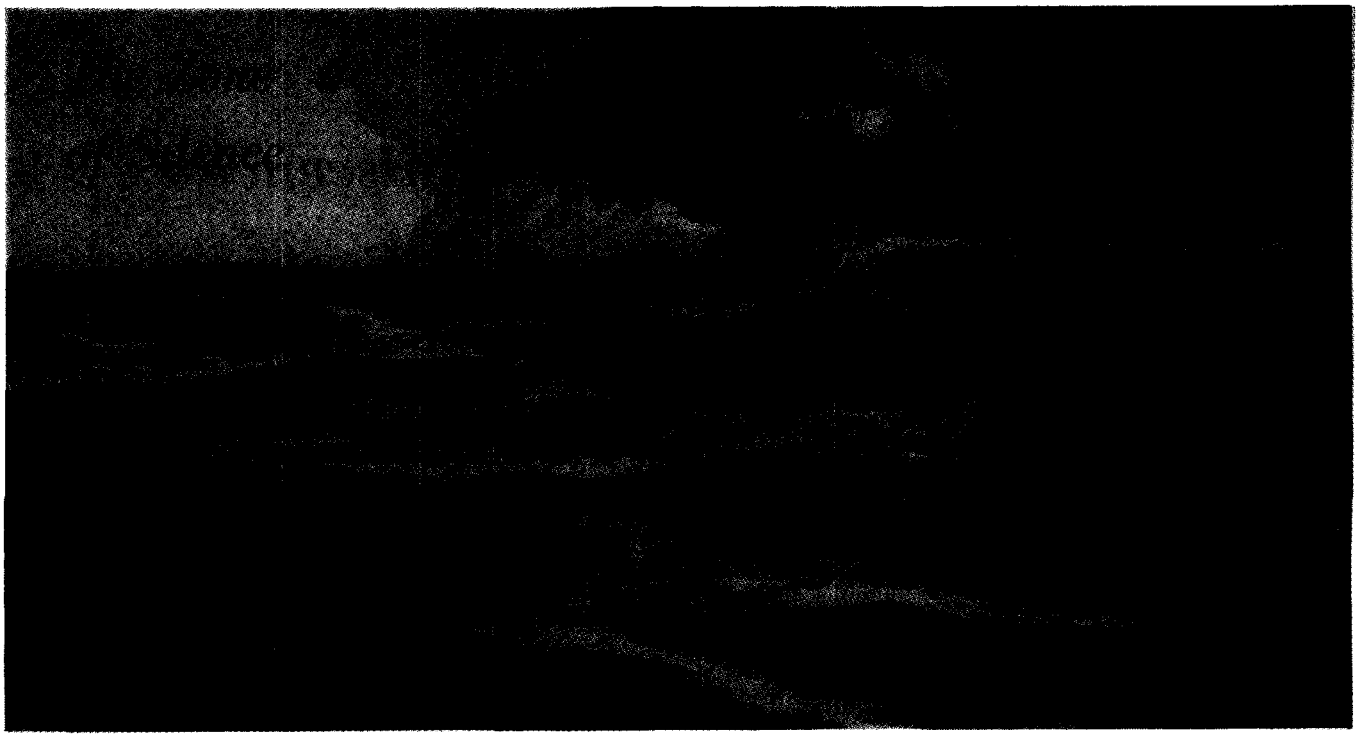

IN THE PACIFIC off Vancouver Island, there is a stretch of water known as "The Zone of Silence." Because this area is acoustically dead, no sound can penetrate it. And since no siren or bell warns ships of dangerous reefs, the ocean floor is studded with wrecks.

The world of ideas and events also has its "Zone of Silence." Here too, everything is hushed, and unknown dangers lurk beneath the surface. This region too is generally feared, and many publications steer clear of it—but not THE REPORTER. THE REPORTER explores it as fully as possible, and then comes out to describe its dangers and tell you how they may affect you and your country.

Time and again, THE REPORTER has penetrated "The Zone of Silence" to bring you vital but unpublicized stories like the China Lobby, Wiretapping in America and the Purgers and the Purged. It was reporting like this that won THE REPORTER the George Polk Special Award in Journalism—an honor never before conferred on a magazine.

In every issue, THE REPORTER invades another "Zone of Silence" when it probes beyond the headlines to bring you the causes and probable consequences of the news, when it tells you not only *what* is happening, but *why* it is happening, and *who* is behind it.

Applying a unique new conception of journalism, THE REPORTER presents and analyzes the news with a thoroughness usually reserved for specialists—but it puts this added information in terms you can readily understand and act upon.

THE REPORTER doesn't believe in an "exposé" approach to the news—it believes in printing the things you need to know. This has been—and always will be—THE REPORTER's guiding principle.

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The Reporter

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then. The vibration transmitted itself through the earth. The pavement trembled under my feet before I could see any single thing approaching or identify the muttering advance of sound that seemed to push the very air ahead.

Now the mass neared, rose into a throbbing chorus, and here at last they came: all dark but for the cat's-eye blackout lights of the leading vehicles, two abreast, three abreast, the humps of a vast cavalcade of tanks, looming mud-caked, clanking, with barely visible shapes rising from their hatches under the long guns, grinding, barely missing lampposts and pillars. A division of General Patton's Third Army had arrived for the relief of Bastogne.

They thundered past under the hands of their shadowy leaders at a speed never seen before at night, fifty, a hundred, more hundreds, shaking the substrata as shutters flew open and then stayed open when the people cowering behind them saw that the Americans were here and now moving the right way.

The Direction unlatched its doorway and joined me on the spattered sidewalk. "One had not thought it possible," murmured the frock-coated one. "One had almost resigned oneself. *Mais c'est formidable!*" The shape of a jeep, overtaking the procession, had come cantering down the sidewalk to make for the main intersection near us, where trucks and halftracks were piling up in traffic. A figure bounded out of it, shiny-helmeted, with constellations of stars along his shoulders and more at his collar. It leaped to the center of the snarl through a haze of exhausts, and began flailing its arms after the manner of a traffic cop and shouting oaths all around in a falsetto scream, until the vast assemblage straightened out and roared on.

"And who was that?" asked The Direction. "A general," I said, without telling him that it was this particular army's general. One did not discuss military matters with the local population. *"Formidable,"* he repeated. "And how original. In Europe, such a thing on the part of an officer of high rank would not be possible."

"Tonight," I said—or think I said —"everything is possible."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Elizam—a Reminiscence Of Childhood in Ceylon

T. TAMBIMUTTU

ELIZAM had no choice in the matter. Her wishes, her own decision to dispose of her future as she wanted, if she had thought about it at all, had not been given a moment's thought by anybody. I was only a child, but people were always asking me what I wanted to be when I grew up, and they seemed to be very much interested when I replied "a doctor" or "an engineer." I had

that freedom of choice, but Elizam had not, and it made me furious.

Although she was ten years older than I was, I felt that I understood her, and I was sure that Elizam did not wish to leave us. But the fate that had seemingly blessed her two elder sisters had now overtaken her, and she looked miserable on the morning she was married. Her big eyes, framed by long lashes, had lost their usual brilliance.

She was dressed as I had never seen her before. A gay wedding sari had replaced the simple bodice and sarong she had worn ever since I could remember. Rubies set in gold hung from her ears. Gold bangles tinkled at her wrists. Around her neck she wore the traditional gold ornaments—a choker with pendant, a triple gold chain, and the *thali* or wedding necklace. The jewelry had been given as a dowry by my mother. Elizam would have been given more if she had been married off in our village like her sisters. They had received cottages on Grandfather-with-the-Beard's estate for as long as it belonged to our family, as well as the right to farm a bit of the land.

For Elizam Mother provided only clothes and jewelry. It was sufficient that Mother had found her a husband who could support her and her children. Elizam's chocolate complexion was not popular in the marriage market, so that even a poor farmer was a "catch" on which Mother congratulated herself. But Elizam did not seem grateful.

I HATED the bridegroom as soon as I set eyes on him. He was a *chuvvalai*, or fair-complexioned man, not much taller than Elizam, who was big for a Ceylonese girl. He arrived in his bullock cart from his farm at Kantalai, about twenty miles from Trincomalee, to have a look at Elizam before giving his consent. I could tell from the way Elizam hid in the kitchen and refused to come out that she didn't want to get married.

Mother called to the girl several times as if she had some household task for her, but Elizam knew there was a suitor around the place and wouldn't emerge. Then Mother asked me to call her, but Elizam knew that I had been put up to it.

When it was time for tea, it was her cousin Sita who served it. Elizam still hid in the kitchen, and no amount of threats from Mother could make her come out. But Mother was not really angry. She was hugely amused at Elizam's shyness, a natural and proper attribute of a bride-to-be. But Elizam was not just being coy. She didn't want to

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get married at all. She had been with us most of her life—in Atchuvely, in Singapore, and in Malaya—and she wanted to stay on.

The farmer could have peeped into the kitchen, but that would have been undignified. It is not really necessary to see a bride before marriage. If she is seen at all, it is only by accident—at most an accident that had been staged by one of the parties. The farmer waited patiently, however, chewing his betel leaf and tobacco as if he belonged to the house.

I can't remember what eventually brought Elizam out. It may have been the arrival of the vegetable or oil seller. Anyway the farmer saw her full, strapping figure by the kitchen door—the kitchen was a separate building—and he went away well content, having given his promise. He may not even have noticed the beautiful molding of her oval face.

Good-by, Good-by

When Elizam got married she was saying good-by to her childhood. Like her sisters and cousins, she must have joined us when she was two or three. Her parents and the parents of her cousins lived in cottages on Grandfather-with-the-Beard's estate in Atchuvely village. Their children were sent into the service of my grandfather or that of his children up in Trincomalee. If they received any pay at all, it was sent to their parents, but they had a comfortable home and as soon as they reached the age of seventeen or eighteen were married off with a small dowry. That was one duty we had toward them.

ELIZAM called us by our own names, which was forbidden our other servants. Though she did not attend school, as we did, it was she who dressed us for school. She saw to it that we got there safe and was always there by the school gates at four to see us home again. In the mornings, between classes, she or her cousin Sita brought our glasses of milk.

She rubbed our bodies with sesame oil on Saturdays and then bathed us after we had run about under the morning sun for an hour or two. Earlier in the day she had boiled limes, *cheekakai* pods, and bassia meal. She shampooed our hair with the mixture and then rubbed in the limes. The rinses left our hair softer and glossier than any patent shampoo could have done. It was she who arranged our visits to the harbor and the various beaches of Trincomalee. Once a year when we camped in the jungle at Madhu or Paalai Oothu, it was she who slept with us beside the campfire. When the wild boar was brought in, it was Elizam who broiled the first pieces, though she was not the regular cook, and she always gave me the largest piece. She packed parcels of the meat to send to relatives and dried the rest under the sun. When we brought back birds from our shoots she cooked them for us, or when we brought green mangoes that we had stoned down from a nearby grove she secretly dressed them with salt and chili for a relish which we loved dearly but which was forbidden by Mother.

She was always preparing surprises for us. As we dug into our dinner of rice and several curries, with her fond voice coaxing us on, we would come across all kinds of delicacies hidden under the rice—eggs, chicken legs, fried shrimps, cuttlefish or roe, soft-shelled crabs, stuffed bitter gourd, fried wild boar, fish baked in ashes, meat wrapped in leaves, or a quail so tiny that you could eat its wafer-thin bones.

On *Kool* Day

Elizam was the household expert on the preparation of that king of soups we called *kool,* whose only occidental equivalent I can think of is Provençal bouillabaisse. This main-dish soup is a north Ceylon specialty, and Elizam knew all its village mysteries.

On our family's *kool* day, a day to which we looked forward because there were no tiresome solid chunks of meat and vegetable to eat, Elizam superintended all the stages of its preparation, from the buying of fish to its eating. It was her special day in the kitchen. The matrix of the soup was made of a flour ground from the plumules of palmyra seeds. In it floated grains of rice and bright red stars of chili. Into the pot went tiny dried and fresh fish, medium pink fish and medium blue fish, small crabs, large crabs quartered, fillets of more fish along with their heads, the chestnuts of the jack fruit, the crisp fleshly jacket of jack seeds, tiny immature jack fruit cut into wedges, large "double shrimps," and the leaves of a certain creeper with red fruit that had a special rough texture which was delightful to chew.

In Trincomalee we always ate the soup out of bowls, but the way Elizam served it back in Atchuvely village was out of individual cups made of the glaucous jack leaf. Elizam herself took charge of the pot, ladling it out with her long shapely

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arm, her blue-black hair done into a very large bun at the back. Even mother, who often superintended our dinners, left the *kool* ceremony to Elizam.

ANOTHER village ritual perpetuated by Elizam in our urban surroundings was eating the pulp off the large palmyra seeds after they had been dipped in a weak solution of tamarind. It is a messy but delightful business. For the poor of the village it was sufficient dinner. When we went on hikes with the Boy Scouts she gave us parcels of *kattu choru*. Cooked eggs, meats, fish, vegetables, and rice were wrapped and pinned with a palm sliver in banana leaf and placed in a palm-leaf basket. The banana leaf, which cooked in the slow heat of the food inside it, flavored everything delicately. We also loved her *palanchoru*, which is cooked rice left overnight in water and made into balls filled with delicacies like shrimp or turtle meat. The proper way to eat it is off a small banana leaf held in the right hand.

Then there were Eizam's *pattchadis*. Between her cousin Sita and herself, all the *pattchadis* of Atchuvely were made available for our table. *Pattchadi* of bananas, *pattchadi* of eggplants, *pattchadi* of dried fish or shrimps, all baked in ashes, *pattchadis* of green ginger, neem flowers, lotus roots, banana inflorescences and their purple spathes, hibiscus blooms, heart of banana stem, portulacas, edible leaves of weeds, and tender stems of *pirandaithandu* creepers.

The Celebration

All this was now about to end. Elizam's younger sister Innesu, who had been brought up in Grandfather-with-the Beard's household, had come up to take her place, but things would never be the same again without Elizam. Her father, who had come up from the village, was hilarious with the many guests. He was tipsy on arrack. But her mother was crying quietly, and I could see that Elizam would cry too before long. She was a wife now, this was her going-away party, but she looked very upset.

As is usual in Ceylonese weddings, the men were in the drawing room and the women in another part of the house. Being only eight, I was allowed to wander from one part of the house to the other. The men who liked a drink took trips to the small bar almost hidden away in a corner. That is also a tradition—to do the drinking away from the

general company so as not to give offense.

The whole house was reeking with the pungent odor of black Jaffna cheroots. Many of the guests were hardened smokers from the north, including Elizam's mother, who smoked her own home-grown in a clay pipe. The teetotalers dug into the plates of tidbits and slaked their thirst with quantities of lime juice and carbonated water.

The time was drawing near for Elizam's departure. The *koorai*, or special wedding sari (which would become an heirloom), was carried in on a brass tray by my mother and offered to each guest in turn, who touched it with the right hand for good luck.

After I touched Elizam's sari I went to the study room and opened my desk. I wrote in Tamil on a sheet of paper: "Dear Elizam, Come back to see us soon. Thurairajah." I went to my mother's room and saw the *koorai* sari on the brass tray on the side table. I took a pin out of the sewing box and pinned my note on one of the inside folds. Elizam was bound to find it the first time she wore the sari.

THE BRIDEGROOM had now drawn up his cart and two bullocks in front of the house. Accompanied by the women, Elizam came out and got into the front seat. There were tears in her eyes.

The bridegroom cracked his stick and the bullock cart creaked up the rose-pink gravel road on which the sun lay like golden coins. My brothers and I and our neighbors the Wambeek boys ran behind the rattling cart as far as the first crossroads. Through the thatch roof of the cart we saw Elizam turn around to have a last look at us. She did not wave.

I can't even remember whether we lit Chinese firecrackers at Elizam's wedding. Maybe we did.

I think I may have gone to bed with a book and no lunch that afternoon, as I usually did when I wished to protest against anything. That was a last resort to have my own way, and somehow it usually improved matters. If I did do this on Elizam's wedding day, I feel sure that I did it with no other motive than to mark the occasion with personal regret, as on the day our dog Luxmi died.

The Visit

On the following Sunday, the second day after Elizam's wedding, there was the rumble of cartwheels outside our house at lunch time. When I went to the front door to see who it could be, Elizam rushed up and folded me in her arms and kissed me, a thing I can never remember her doing before. Her husband was standing by the cart smiling sheepishly.

There was tremendous excitement in the house at Elizam's return, with all of us tumbling around her and her sister Innesu full of smiles. Mother looked puzzled and she asked Elizam's husband what the matter was.

Apparently Elizam had found my note when she was dressing in her *koorai* sari to pay her first visit to

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the local church. She had burst into tears, and nothing would console her. She wanted to return to Trincomalee at once. Her husband had no choice but to drive her down at once the twenty miles in his bullock cart. That was how we happened to see Elizam in her *koorai* sari. She looked wonderful.

Elizam spent that day with us and promised to return to see us, which she did often. We were even taken one day to see her at her home in Kantalai near the famous irrigation tank built by King Aggabodhi II in A.D. 601. It was full of crocodiles. All the birds of creation seemed to be at Kantalai—teals, cormorants, Indian darters, and flights of terns, snipe, flycatchers, flamingoes, wild duck, waterfowl, minivets, peacocks, gay-colored jungle fowl, the solitary pelican, sunbirds, tailorbirds, golden orioles, bluejays, jungle crows, coucals, hawks of all sizes, bee-eaters, *buttagoias,* and all the kingfishers—river, giant, pied, and stork-billed. Truly it was a beautiful place to live in.

That day Elizam cooked for us her famous *kool* in her tidy thatched cottage, with jack fruit from her own tree, palmyra shoots from her own beds, and rice from her own fields, but we did not know then it would be our last. She died soon after in childbirth.

ELIZAM'S sister, who looked very much like her, grew more dear to us as the years passed. Today we are as fond of her as we were of Elizam. She too was married off at the age of eighteen. But at that time we were much older and better able to appreciate the festivity of the occasion.

I distinctly remember that we did light Chinese firecrackers at Innesu's wedding.

The New American Radicals

A poet-historian's view of mob rule from the Jacobins to McCarthy

PETER VIERECK

DURING the Jacobin Revolution of 1793, in those quaint days when the lower classes still thought of themselves as the lower classes, it was for upper-class sympathies and for *not* reading "subversive leftist literature" that aristocrats got in trouble.

Note the reversal in America. Here the lower classes seem to be the upper classes—they have automobiles, lace curtains, and votes. Here, in consequence, it is for alleged lower-class sympathies—for "leftist" sympathies—that the aristocrats are purged by the lower class.

IN REALITY those lower-class sympathies are microscopic in most of that social register (Lodge, Bohlen, Acheson, Stevenson, and Harvard presidents) which McCarthy is trying to purge; even so, leftist sympathies are the pretext given for the purge. Why is it necessary to allege those lower-class sympathies as pretext? Why the pretext in the first place? Because in America the suddenly enthroned lower classes cannot prove to themselves psychologically that they are now upper-class unless they can indict for pro-proletariat subversion those whom they know in their hearts to be America's real intellectual and social aristocracy.

Ostensibly our aristocrats are being metaphorically guillotined for having signed, twenty years ago, some pinko-front petition by that egghead Voltaire (a typical reversal of the 1793 pretext) and for having said not "Let them eat cake" but "Let them read books" (violation of loyalty oath to TV). Behind these ostensible pretexts, the aristocratic pro-proletarian conspirators are actually being guillotined for having been too exclusive socially—and, even worse, intellectually—at those fancy parties at Versailles-sur-Hudson. McCarthyism is the revenge of the noses that for twenty years of fancy parties were pressed against the outside window pane.

In Populist-Progressive days and in New Deal days, those same noses were pressed with openly radical, openly lower-class resentment. During 1953 and 1954, the same noses snorted triumphantly with right-wing Republicanism. This demagogue's spree of symbolically decapitating America's intellectual and social upper class, but doing so while shouting a two hundred per cent upper-class ideology, suggests that McCarthyism is actually a leftist instinct behind a self-deceptive rightist veneer. This combination bolsters the self-esteem of sons of Democratic urban day laborers whose status rose into stuffy Republican suburbia. Their status rose thanks to the Communism-preventing social reforms of Roosevelt. Here for once is a radicalism expressing not poverty but sudden prosperity, biting the New Deal hand that fed it.

The New Royalty

Many of our intellectual aristocrats have helped to make the McCarthyite attack on themselves a success by denouncing McCarthyism as a rightist movement, a conservative movement. At first they even denounced it as a Red-baiting, anti-Communist movement, which is exactly what it wanted to be denounced as. By now they have at least caught on to the fact that it is not anti-Communist, has not trapped a single Red spy—whether at Fort Monmouth, the Voice of America, or the State Department—and is a major cause of

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the increased neutralism in Europe, McCarthy being the "Typhoid Mary" of anti-Americanism.

But although American liberals have now realized that McCarthyism is not anti-Communist (which is more than many American businessmen and Republicans have realized), they have still not caught on to the full and deep-rooted extent of its radical anti-conservatism. That is because they are steeped in misleading analogies with the very different context of Europe and of the European kind of fascism. Partly they still overlook the special situation in America, where the masses are more bourgeois than the bourgeoisie. I am speaking in terms of psychology, not only of economics. A lot more is involved psychologically in the American ideal of the mass man than the old economic boast (a smug and shallow boast) that simply "everybody" is "so prosperous" in America. "Every man a king" is not true of America today. Rather, every man is a king except the kings.

The real kings (the cultural elite that would rank first in any traditional hierarchy of the Hellenic-Roman West) are now becoming declassed scapegoats: the eggheads. The fact that they partly brought that fate on themselves by fumbling the Communist issue does not justify their fate, especially as the sacred civil liberties of everybody, the innocent as much as the guilty, must suffer for that retribution.

Democratic Excesses

America is the country where the masses won't admit they are masses. Consequently America is the country where the thought controllers can self-deceptively "make like" patriotic pillars of respectability instead of admitting what they are: revolutionaries of savage direct democracy (Napoleon plus Rousseau plus Tom Paine plus the Wild West frontier) against the traditional, aristocratic courts and Constitution and against the protection of minority intellectual elites by the anti-majoritarian Bill of Rights. The McCarthyites threaten liberty precisely because they are so egalitarian, ruling foreign policy by mass telegrams to the Executive Branch and by radio speeches and Gallup Poll. The spread of democratic equal rights facilitates, as Nietzsche prophesied, the equal violation of rights.

Is *Liberté* incompatible with sudden *égalité?* It was, as people used to say in the 1930's, "no accident that" an American Legion meeting in New York in July, 1954, passed two resolutions side by side – the first condemning another Legion branch for racial discrimination (the "Forty and Eight" society) and the second endorsing McCarthyism. This juxtaposition is noted not in order to disparage the long overdue anti-bigotry of the first resolution. Rather, the juxtaposition is noted in order to caution the oversimplifying optimism of many liberal reformers who have been assuming that the fight for free speech and the fight for racial tolerance were synonymous.

Admittedly not all nationalist bigots have yet "caught on" to the more lucrative new trend of their own racket. Many will continue to persecute racial minorities as viciously as in the past, though surely decreasingly and with less profit. Because of the Southern atmosphere of Washington, the anti-segregation resolution could not be repeated when the Legion met there a month later.

Often untypical or tardy about new trends, the South is more opposed to the good cause of Negro rights and to the bad cause of McCarthyism than the rest of the nation. One Southerner (I am not implying that he represents the majority of the South) told me he regards as Communistic the defenders of the civil liberties of any of our several racial minorities; then he went on to reproach the north for "not fighting for its civil liberties against that fascist McCarthy."

The same day I heard that statement, I read an account of a McCarthy mass meeting in the North at which racial discrimination was denounced as un-American and in which anyone defending civil liberties against McCarthy was called Communistic. At the same meeting, a rabbi accused the opposition to Roy Cohn of anti-Semitic intolerance. Next, Cohn's was called "the American Dreyfus Case" by a representative of a student McCarthyite organization, Students for America. This young representative of both McCarthyism and racial brotherhood concluded amid loud applause: "Roy Cohn and Joe McCarthy will be redeemed when the people have taken back their government from the criminal alliance of Communists, Socialists, New Dealers, and the Eisenhower-Dewey Republicans."

This outburst of direct democracy comes straight from the leftist rhetoric of the old Populists and Progressives, a rhetoric forever urging the People to take back "their" government from the conspiring Powers That Be. What else remained but for Rabbi Schultz, at a second Cohn-McCarthy dinner, to appeal to "the plain people of America" to "march on Washington" in order to save, with direct democracy, their tribune McCarthy from the big bosses of the Senate censure committee?

Bigotry's New Look is perhaps best evidenced by McCarthy's abstention, so far, from anti-Semitic and anti-Negro propaganda and, more important, by countless similar items totally unconnected with the ephemeral McCarthy. A similar juxtaposition occurs in a typical New York *Times* headline of September 4, 1954, page one: PRESIDENT SIGNS BILL TO EXECUTE PEACETIME SPIES;/ALSO BOLSTERS BAN

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ON BIAS. Moving beyond that relatively middle-of-the-road area to the extremist fringe, note the significant change in "For America." This nationalist group is a xenophobic and isolationist revival of the old America First Committee. But instead of appeasing the open Nazis who then still ruled Germany, as in the old-fashioned and blunter days of Father Coughlin, "For America" began greatly expanding its mass base in 1954 by "quietly canvassing Jewish and Negro prospects."

Kosher Anti-Semitism

And so it goes. From these multiplying examples we may tentatively generalize: Manifestations of ethnic intolerance today tend to decrease in proportion as ideological intolerance increases. In sharp contrast, both bigotries previously used to increase together.

If sociologists require a new term for this change (as if there were not enough jargon already), then at least let it be a brief, unponderous term. I would suggest the word "transtolerance" for this curious interplay between the new tolerance and the new intolerance. Transtolerance is ready to give all minorities their glorious democratic freedom—provided they accept McCarthyism or some other mob conformism of Right or Left. I add "or Left" because liberals sometimes assume conformism is inevitably of the Right. Yet "Right" and "Left" are mere fluctuating pretexts, mere fluid surfaces for the deeper anti-individualism (anti-aristocracy) of the mass man, who ten years ago was trying to thought-control our premature anti-Communists as "warmongers" and who today damns them as "Reds" and who ten years from now, in a new appeasement of Russia, may again be damning them as "Wall Street warmongers" and "disloyal internationalist bankers."

Transtolerance is the form that xenophobia takes when practiced by a "xeno." Transtolerant McCarthyism is partly a movement of recent immigrants who present themselves (not so much to the world as to themselves) as a two hundred per cent hate-the-foreigner movement. And by extension: Hate "alien" ideas. Transtolerance is also a sublimated Jim Crow: against "wrong" thinkers, not "wrong" races. As such, it is a Jim Crow that can be participated in with a clear conscience by the new, nonsegregated flag-waving Negro, who will be increasingly emerging from the increased egalitarian laws in housing and in education. In the same way it is the Irishman's version of Mick baiting and a strictly kosher anti-Semitism. It very sincerely champions against anti-Semites "that American Dreyfus, Roy Cohn"; simultaneously it glows with the same mob emotions that in all previous or comparable movements have been anti-Semitic.

TWO TYPES OF DEMOCRACY

At our request, Mr. Viereck defines his term "direct democracy" and contrasts it with what he calls "indirect democracy":

"Let us re-apply to today the conservative thesis of Madison's tenth *Federalist* paper and of Irving Babbitt's *Democracy and Leadership*.

"Direct democracy (our mob tradition of Tom Paine, Jacobinism, and the Midwestern Populist parties) is government by referendum and mass petition, such as the McCarthyite Committee of Ten Million.

"Indirect democracy (our semi-aristocratic and Constitutionalist tradition of Madison and the *Federalist*) likewise fulfills the will of the people but by *filtering* it through parliamentary Constitutional channels and traditional ethical restraints.

"Both are ultimately majority rule, and ought to be. But direct democracy, being immediate and hotheaded, facilitates revolution, demagogy, and Robespierrian thought control, while indirect democracy, being calmed and canalized, facilitates evolution, a statesmanship of *noblesse oblige*, and civil liberties."

The final surrealist culmination of this new development would be for the Ku Klux Klan to hold nonsegregated lynching bees.

AT THE same moment when America fortunately is nearer racial equality than ever before (an exciting gain, insufficiently noted by America baiters in Europe and India), America is moving further from liberty of opinion. "Now remember, boys, tolerance and equality," my very progressive schoolma'm in high school used to preach, "come from co-operation in some common task." If Orwell's 1984 should ever come to America, you can guess what "some common task" will turn out to be. Won't it be a "team" (as they will obviously call it) of "buddies" from "all three religions" plus the significantly increasing number of Negro McCarthyites, all "co-operating" in the "common task" of burning books on civil liberties or segregating all individualists of "all three" religions?

It required Robespierre to teach French intellectuals that *égalité* is not synonymous with *liberté*. Similarly, Joseph McCarthy is the educator of the educators; by his threat to our lawful liberties, he is educating American intellectuals out of a kind of liberalism and back to a kind of conservatism. The intellectual liberals who twenty years ago wanted to pack the Supreme Court as frustrating the will of the masses (which is exactly what it ought to frustrate) and who were quoting Charles Beard to show that the Constitution is a mere rationalization of economic loot—those same liberals today are hugging for dear life that same court and that same Constitution, including its Fifth Amendment. They are hugging those two most conservative of "outdated" institutions as their last life preservers against the McCarthyite version of what their Henry Wallaces used to call "the century of the common man."

Our right to civil liberties, our right to an unlimited nonviolent dissent, is as ruggedly conservative and traditional as Senator Flanders and the mountains of Vermont. It is a right so aristocratic that it enables one lonely individual, sustained by nine nonelected nobles in black robes, to think differently from 99.9 per cent of the nation, even if a majority of "all races, creeds, and colors," in an honest democratic election, votes to suppress the thinking of that one individual.

But what will happen to that individual and his liberties if ever the 99.9 per cent unite in direct democracy to substitute, as final arbiter of law, the white sheets for the black robes?

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The Army: Training For a Tough Profession

BILL MAULDIN

IN A RECENT *Reporter* piece about General Eisenhower and the *Stars and Stripes,* I told of Ike's memorable edict on freedom of the press with smug and gleeful assurance that I'd had a hand in precipitating the Naples crisis that demonstrated this noble aspect of his character.

Ralph G. Martin, a highly respected former reporter on *Stars and Stripes,* tells me I was a brash newcomer to a chronic old crisis. The paper had been in trouble with martinets before, and the Eisenhower order was first issued (and triumphantly published on the front page of an early North Africa edition alongside a similar and equally historic edict of Pershing's pertaining to the 1918 *Stars and Stripes*) while, as Ralph points out with justifiable fury, I was still drawing pictures of potato peelings in a Virginia port of embarkation. I stand corrected.

IN THE SAME MAIL with Ralph's letter came a couple of news magazines with stories about a young lieutenant, a Korea veteran, who was court-martialed recently for roughing up some trainees—burying one in dirt, hanging another by his heels, and suchlike. Both articles, while agreeing that these tactics were of dubious disciplinary value, seemed to imply that the lieutenant had a lot in his favor. He was a recent combat veteran who felt that present-day training methods turn out softies who must be toughened to battle the hard way, after arrival at the front. The idea seems to be that all the young officer was guilty of was an excess of zeal.

This is a funny country. We take hold of an idea and go hog wild with it. Right after the Second World War, there was a wave of revulsion against the military, a fairly common postwar phenomenon, only this time there was not only talk about throwing the Army out the window but also of "reforming" whatever fragment was left. Committees of high officers were appointed to study ideas for a new, "attractive" Army, and numbers of former soldiers with suggestions, including several like myself who'd done some griping publicly through the emancipated (see above) military press, were invited to testify.

Nobody asked me what I thought about "tough" officers. Nobody needed to. If they had the thought I was dumb enough to want a scoutmaster for a platoon leader, I doubt that they'd have wasted paper on my invitation. I don't think very many of us who testified believed officers should wear enlisted men's uniforms, or drink in soldiers' clubs, or abolish saluting in garrison.

I had only two crusades in mind. One was that officers should eat the same food as enlisted men. Not in the same mess, though. It's nice for a fellow who has made the grade to have a tablecloth and private dining room, away from the crashing crockery of the big hall; he's entitled to eat like a gentleman, and he *ought* to eat like a gentleman, even if he has to be taught how. But I meant the chow should come from the same pots in the same kitchen, the simple theory being that it's the only sure-fire way to bring mismanagement in the culinary department to the attention of the proper authorities. I guess General Eisenhower himself must have felt strongly about this, because he said he'd be happy if he was remembered only as the man who reformed military cooking.

MY OTHER THOUGHT, in which I was far from alone, was that soldiers exposed to combat should enjoy certain distinctions and pay scales which set them apart from others, not because the infantry's soul is any purer, but because it's more painful to get shot than merely bored in a war, regardless of any learned arguments to the contrary. Talking with other witnesses later, I don't recall any of them saying they were against discipline or hard training, or in favor of anarchy in the service.

Well, the ball of reform got rolling, and there was no stopping it. Public opinion said if the Army's wrong, let's remake it entirely. Sergeants couldn't cuss privates, even if a mulish character made it plain he understood only mule-skinner language. The result was that noncoms got nervous breakdowns from frustration and the privates did all the swearing. Saluting was dropped off post. Now, the salute is really a courteous acknowledgment from one warrior to another—or it's supposed to be, anyway—and obviously somebody has got to make the first move, so it's logical for it to be the lower-ranking one. I have nothing against throwing a highball on the street. If a soldier feels humbled by it he ought to wear civvies to town.

FOR A WHILE before Korea, Army officers and noncoms were the most subdued characters imaginable, in constant dread that some offended subordinate would turn them in for being nasty to him. And I don't doubt that this produced some awfully innocent combat replacements who, upon arrival in Korea, learned too late that it does no good to complain to the Inspector General about a Chinese stepping in your face. The pendulum swung too far. Probably there ought to be more realistic maneuvers, with trainees learning to function calmly under fire and to follow closely behind artillery, and surely the occasional accidents would be a worthwhile investment for a big return. There's nothing wrong with tough preparation for a tough profession.

But I hate to think of the pendulum starting a big swing back, because just as we seem to have confused treating a man fairly with spoiling him, we are likely to confuse toughness with sadism. The young lieutenant in the news stories would have been happier in the old Army, where it was a fairly popular notion that the way to inspire a man for battle was to make him want to kill his own officers.

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MOVIES: Throwing The Book Away

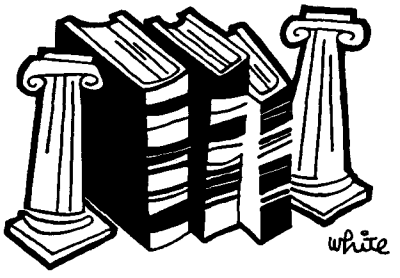
ROBERT BINGHAM

IF THE incredible words "From a Story by F. Scott Fitzgerald" had not appeared among the credits for "The Last Time I Saw Paris," I certainly wouldn't trouble you with a description of this abysmal film. Just another rotten movie would be soon forgotten. But the differences between Fitzgerald's story and MGM's movie set me to brooding about some of the other rotten movies I have seen recently—and about the deliberate preference for bad writing that makes them what they are.

It's not that there's anything sacred about Fitzgerald. Like the people he wrote about, Fitzgerald lived recklessly and foolishly most of the time. When he wrote recklessly and foolishly, as he did too much of the time, he was the naughty darling of the Gay Twenties, but he wasn't much of a writer. When he brought understanding and discipline to bear upon his own experience, however, he could write a book like *The Great Gatsby* or a short story like "Babylon Revisited."

FITZGERALD'S story is about two days in the life of Charlie Wales. The time is the early 1930's, and the mood is one of sobering up after a long binge. The party—rich Americans in Paris—had lasted nearly a decade, and it had cost Charlie a great deal. ("I didn't realize it, but the days came along one after another, and then two years were gone, and everything was gone, and I was gone.") Charlie returns to Paris hoping to persuade his vindictive sister-in-law to give up custody of his nine-year-old daughter, so that he can begin at least some kind of meaningful life for himself.

The way Charlie had lost his wife is treated with restraint and evocative indirection. Here is very nearly the whole of it: "There was a scene at the Florida, and then he attempted to take her home, and then she kissed young Webb at a table; after that there was what she had hysterically said. When he arrived home alone he turned the key in the lock in wild anger. How could he know she would arrive an hour later alone, that there would be a snowstorm in



which she wandered about in slippers, too confused to find a taxi?"

At the end of Fitzgerald's story, a bartender speaks:

" 'I heard that you lost a lot in the crash.'

" 'I did,' and he added grimly, 'but I lost everything I wanted in the boom.'

" 'Selling short.'

" 'Something like that.'

"Again the memory of those days swept over him like a nightmare—the people they had met traveling; then people who couldn't add a row of figures or speak a coherent sentence. The little man Helen had consented to dance with at the ship's party, who had insulted her ten feet from the table; the women and girls carried screaming with drink or drugs out of public places—

"—The men who locked their wives out in the snow, because the snow of twenty-nine wasn't real snow. If you didn't want it to be snow, you just paid some money."

MGM'S MOVIE is about ten years in the life of Charlie Wills. (Perhaps the writers hoped to salve their consciences by changing his name.) The time is updated to just after the Second World War, and the mood is that of a Dartmouth house party. All the wanton, childish emotions that Fitzgerald had come painfully to understand and at last to control—everything he wisely forbore to write very much about—Hollywood has prettied up and spread before us in Glorious Technicolor with Stereophonic Sound.

It's a movie in which you may very well find your eyes filling with tears, but when you get outside you will resent the tears—because they were about nothing. I do not agree with Marya Mannes, who wrote some time ago in these pages that television can produce a much more intimate effect upon its audience than movies. With television you are sitting in your own living room, and there are familiar references about to remind you of reality: The telephone may ring, the baby may cry, a commercial will surely interrupt, and if you get mad at the show you can turn it off or go into another room. But with movies—having paid a dollar or more to sit in temporary isolation in a dark theater staring up at the huge people on the huge screen—you are almost helpless to resist whatever tawdry emotions may be inflicted upon you.

Van Johnson as Charlie pouts handsomely throughout and learns nothing from his experience. It is difficult to believe that Elizabeth Taylor as his wife Helen is capable of understanding anything beyond the fact that she has been photographed in a number of pretty dresses. A few years ago just after a divorce Miss Taylor grew thoughtful and summed up her own talents better than any critic ever could: "I have a woman's body and a child's emotions." In "The Last Time I Saw Paris," then, we are surely given what the press agents would call the *real* Elizabeth Taylor. She is ably supported in her endeavors by the rest of the cast, the director, and the writers.

Fixing Things Up for God

Tidying up after great writers is not, unfortunately, peculiar to Hollywood. The British have made a version of Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter* that is even more of a disappointment than what MGM did to "Babylon Revisited." More of a disappointment because for the most part it is a splendid picture.

Greene's book concerns Major

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Scobie, assistant commissioner of police in a West African colony. Scobie is a believing Roman Catholic, and his anguish challenges and tests not only the dogmas of that church but the ultimate beliefs of all Christians. He cannot bear to hurt others. And yet his very existence inevitably involves pain for his wife, for the girl who becomes his mistress, and above all for his God. Scobie finds it impossible to go to confession believing that he will sin no more and thus receive for himself the peace of absolution. He thinks he will be able to take all the pain upon himself by committing the worst crime a Catholic can commit—suicide. "This was what human love had done to him—it had robbed him of love for eternity. It was no use pretending as a young man might that the price was worth while."

And yet what man can judge such matters? On the last page of the book there is this dialogue:

"Father Rank clapped the cover of the diary to and said, furiously, 'For goodness' sake, Mrs. Scobie, don't imagine you—or I—know a thing about God's mercy.'

" 'The Church says . . .'

" 'I know the Church says. The Church knows all the rules. But it doesn't know what goes on in a single human heart.'

" 'You think there's some hope then?' she wearily asked.

" 'Are you so bitter against him?'

" 'I haven't any bitterness left.'

" 'And do you think God's likely to be more bitter than a woman?' "

THE BRITISH MOVIE has reduced *Scobie* to a middle-aged man with woman trouble. He is even saved from suicide by a conveniently contrived accident. At the end he lies smiling in the arms of his faithful No. 1 Boy Ali and mouths the Sunday-school words, "Tell Missus God makes it all right."

It is disgusting. Disgusting because the actors—Trevor Howard as Scobie, Elizabeth Allan as his wife, and Maria Schell as the other woman—are quite good enough to have played the story the way Greene wrote it. The photography is beautiful, the direction is sensitive, but somewhere along the line it was found expedient to throw away the entire point of the book.

The Man Who Looked Inside Himself

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL. (Marie-Henri Beyle). Edited and translated by Robert Sage. *Doubleday. $7.50.*

MARIE-HENRI BEYLE of Grenoble (1783-1842), unauthorized to do so by anyone, first added a particle to his name and became M. de Beyle. Later under the pseudonym Stendhal, a misspelling of the German town Stendal, he wrote two great novels, *The Charterhouse of Parma* and *The Red and the Black.* He predicted that they would be admired a hundred years after he wrote them, and he was right. Unmistakably they are great novels. But the vast literature about Stendhal has always been less concerned with the novels than with the man.

Stendhal worked for that result too. He was very interested in the man. He wrote the novels to explain the man. He wrote books on painting, on music, travel books on the Italy he loved so much, on the French provinces he so detested. He wrote autobiographies and he kept a diary. No matter what he wrote about, his real subject was himself. Of course he said it was something else; he said it was the human heart: "Egotism, *provided it be sincere,* is the one way of portraying the human heart."

That is true enough—except for the word "egotism." In so far as Stendhal succeeded in his novels, the success came from self-knowledge, not from egotism. No artist can know others unless he knows himself. The heart of Othello, the heart of Phaedra are human only because Shakespeare and Racine made those hearts in the likeness of their own. They are recognizably human to us only because in our own hearts exist all possible contradictions and extremes. Egotism limits self-knowledge. It narrows the range. It binds all life to the narrow frame of the image we choose to make of ourselves.

Daydreams

The sun sets early in Grenoble. The mountains are very close to the city and the cold Isère with the stone bridge crossing it to the fort. In Stendhal's time nobody went up into the mountains to ski in winter; in summer there was no tennis. Anglomania had not yet introduced *le sport.* Young Stendahl was bored in Grenoble. Probably many of his contemporaries were bored also, but some of them worked very hard and eventually became magistrates or politicians, soldiers or priests, and others did not work so very hard, content to remain in the social rank to which they had been born. Stendhal was not content with his lot; he also declined to work very hard to change it. And so he went in for daydreaming.

When a man gets that habit early

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enough in life, there is just about no hope that he can ever get out of it. It is one of the most destructive habits a man can form. It can lead to the insane asylum. Stendhal never got out of the habit. He daydreamed his way through a tour of duty with the Emperor's armies in Italy and later he made the retreat with the Emperor's armies from a Moscow in flames. Thus he daydreamed in the midst of facts. He also daydreamed in the midst of total fantasy. Thus he saw himself as the great seducer of fashionable ladies, the corrupter of honest women—he notes in his diary the most precise recipe for this accomplishment — the most admired dandy and wit. He also daydreamed that he was another Molière. He went to the opera in his beloved La Scala in Milan and daydreamed that he was the hero on the stage—and the heroine. During the intermission he stood in the pit, looking up, in the continental fashion, at the elegant ladies and gentlemen in the boxes, daydreaming the intrigues through which he would win the sixteen-year-old contessina, the forty-year-old marchesa, wise, experienced, passionate.

The Precisionist

Above all he daydreamed revenge on the "bastard," as he usually called his father, a singularly tolerant and sensible parent, and on all the proud, hypocritical provincial societies of France. This attitude toward life should have been fatal.

There was, however, one saving freak in his make-up: a love of precision even in daydreams. He had this terrific need to know just what they were in the present and what they could lead to in the future. He always confused this imaginary projection with possible reality. That did not matter. Imaginary or not, the projection had to be precise.

He sought the right word, the right phrase to define his emotions. That is what these diaries are about. That is what the novels are about. Daydreams—but precise, logical, and impassioned. That is even what the travel books on Italy are about. He made an entire people into the image he dreamed of himself. But that image is one of the clearest, the most accurate, the most exploratory we have ever had of a fellow man.

Violet Soufflé, Garlic Ice Cream

NORA MAGID

THE ALICE B. TOKLAS COOK BOOK, by Alice B. Toklas. *Harper & Brothers. $4.*

IN ONE of her more communicative moments Gertrude Stein confided, "I always resent when in a book they say they sat down to a hearty meal, and they do not tell what it was they ate." Gertrude would not resent this book, for it is all about what she herself ate and with whom and under what circumstances.

Since the death of Stein, Alice B. Toklas, whose prior public existence was inevitably ancillary, has been blossoming out in all sorts of places —first as spectator, small, brown, and mushroomlike, at the Dior fall showing; now as author, in her own right, of a book replete with data, culinary and cultural. This is more than a mere catalogue of recipes: it is an informal joint biography of these two women who for more than twenty-five years partook of the literary and artistic life of Paris. It is the story of dinner companions and conversations as well as of dinners.

There is much incidental and rather folksy information on the tableside life and times of Gertrude Stein's circle. One sees her, in a rare dithering moment, unable to make the decision between mushrooms, oysters, and chestnuts for the Thanksgiving dressing, and Toklas, as Sunday cook, recommending the usage of all three. One sees her anthropomorphically devoted to Aunt Pauline, a delivery truck of ancient vintage in which she did war work, and which she never learned to reverse on the grounds that like the French Army she would never have to. In Aunt Pauline she went off to fine picnics—to lunch not on sandwiches but on sherried truffles and sweetbreads, encased in lettuce leaves—and to find the house which she later acquired by contriving to have the army-officer owner promoted to a post in Africa.

One hears Picasso telling Toklas that a fish she had been at great pains to decorate should rather have been served up to Matisse than to him, and one hears James Branch Cabell at dinner whispering confidentially to Toklas, "Tell me, Miss Stein's writing is a joke, isn't it?"

ALICE B. TOKLAS'S cooking is no joke. It has been a lifelong preoccupation. Spurred on by a theorizing grandmother who had never herself set foot in a kitchen, she launched her own recipe collection during her California childhood. She must have been a gourmet of rare precociousness, since one of her earliest culinary memories is of a simple dessert featuring kirsch, maraschino, crème de menthe, and Roselio. In Paris she enlarged her repertory to include such sophisticated delicacies as violet *soufflé* and garlic ice cream. These she picked up from a host of friends and from a procession of cooks, headed by the cook irretrievably lost to a lady of violence who, after her attempt to poison him had failed, eloped with him. Whereupon his spurned Russian inamorata, showing a splendid sense of values, threw a magnificent fit and then sat down with Stein and Toklas to choke down the last of his perfect Viennese pastry.

Toklas plucks a recipe from him as well as from the other servants who graced the Stein ménage. She editorializes throughout, characterizing dishes variously as "witty" and "chaste and elegant." She works on the interesting assumption that American women have a grasp of such European premises as puff paste, and that they have at their disposal mildly incredible quantities of such disparate ingredients as truffles, Cowboy's Delight, chicken blood, and langoustine.

Her notions of economy are almost as quaint as Gertrude's of prosody. In a recipe calling casually for a dozen eggs and a quart of heavy whipping cream, she cautions that

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the vanilla bean, if extricated at the psychological moment, may be reused. American women, conditioned to the sobriety and budget-mindedness of Betty Crocker, may be slightly taken aback when advised to marinate a hundred frogs' legs—this from a cook of such rare poetic vision as to be unhampered by the mundane need to note how many portions this comprises.

She records examples of bad as well as of good dinners, and she tells of wartime deprivation in France. "The flummery cried for cream. So did we." But for the most part she deals with pleasant living and good food. Her sole unaccountable lapse is a passing admiration for powdered coffee. Otherwise her recommendations could make for happy, if somewhat haphazard, eating.

Steinberg's Ferocious Sunglasses

PHILIP HORTON

THE PASSPORT, by Saul Steinberg. *Harper & Brothers. $5.*

EVER SINCE the news got around a year or so ago that Saul Steinberg had taken off on extensive travels, a great number of Americans have been living in a state of heightened anticipation. The full results are now available in a very handsomely presented book entitled, naturally enough, *The Passport.*

The book opens with what the flyleaf describes as a collection of "false documents, passports, diplomas, certificates—false photographs (with false autographs), false etchings, false wine labels," and so on. For sheer technical skill and exuberance of imagination the counterfeiting would be hard to beat. With every new scrutiny the conceptions become more amusing, the execution more absorbing. But as always with Steinberg, the fakery contains a good deal more than fun and fiction.

Take, for example, the wonderful collection of signatures affixed to the phony passports. Their variety of form and affectation seems inexhaustible. Bold and black, spidery and elegant, pompous exfoliations or cryptic squiggles, they seem at first glance simply good-natured ribbing of bureaucratic script. On closer acquaintance they emerge as a series of self-contained and mordant sketches of personality types. With the obsessiveness that shows in much of Steinberg's work, the signatures pop again in the following pages. Now they appear like giant mobiles carried solemnly overhead by little men, who appear elsewhere on the page bearing an enormous fingerprint or an official stamp or a state seal as if each were an old master. Then there are drawings of half-finished men caught up in the toils of their own elaborately finished signatures. Finally a passport photo of a man composed entirely of fingerprints in montage speaks for itself.

Steinberg rarely wastes much time on the human face. Typically, his faces are stony and lifeless, much more like masks, representing one or another type. There are even drawings of people who have no heads and faces at all, who are simply agglomerations of clothing from which the human being has been more or less dispossessed.

HIS REAL PASSION is for things, especially things made by men, which is doubtless why he is the recorder par excellence of the American scene, the satirist of what David Riesman has called "conspicuous production." The tender and detailed attention another artist would lavish on a wrinkle or a mole, Steinberg devotes to reproducing the embellishments of convertibles, skyscrapers, bridges, hats and coats, and the extravagances of American gadgetry.

What gives his wit a double edge (and his audience the effect of a double take) is the fact that he sees all these as so many façades, carapaces, armatures. The biological definition of armature, according to Webster, is "An organ or structure serving as . . . a weapon of offense or defense . . ." So it is for Steinberg with certain kinds of women's clothes (the sheer aggression of high platform shoes, skin-tight brass-studded Levi's, loud-checked shirt, ferocious sunglasses and sombrero); or with massive fur coats and small expensive dogs that display their owners to advantage; or with the snarling aluminum jaws of American cars (there are other cars looking like swollen and lumpy Vienna loaves and one actual photo of such a loaf mounted on tiny pen-and-ink wheels); and of course with many different periods and styles of American architecture.

This concern with man's façade and with man as façade gives much of Steinberg's work a fluoroscopic effect, an illusion of double vision.

The illusionism becomes explicit in a series of brilliant photomontages in which perspective and proportion are miraculously juggled and distorted by marginal pen-and-ink notations. In one, an odd forked-shaped ventilator on a tenement roof becomes a hideous example of skyscraper architecture gone berserk, towering over the tiny pen-and-ink cars and pedestrians at its base. In another, a photograph of an old-fashioned wall cupboard lined up with some burlap sacks, an empty carton, and what looks like a small garbage can becomes a metropolitan slum that has seen better days.

Seen through Steinberg's eyes American manners and mores are in turn funny, cruel, and pathetic, and almost always disturbing. Everywhere in the book, just under the surface, lie the sense of the modern American's alienation from his fellow man and the increasing pathos of his absurd and intricate compensations. Meanwhile, for happier moments, there is always the unadulterated delight of Steinberg's mastery of his medium. Probably no other craftsman in pen and ink today, excepting Picasso, can command an equal elegance and variety of line and movement.

***Opposite: a typical Steinberg document from* The Passport**

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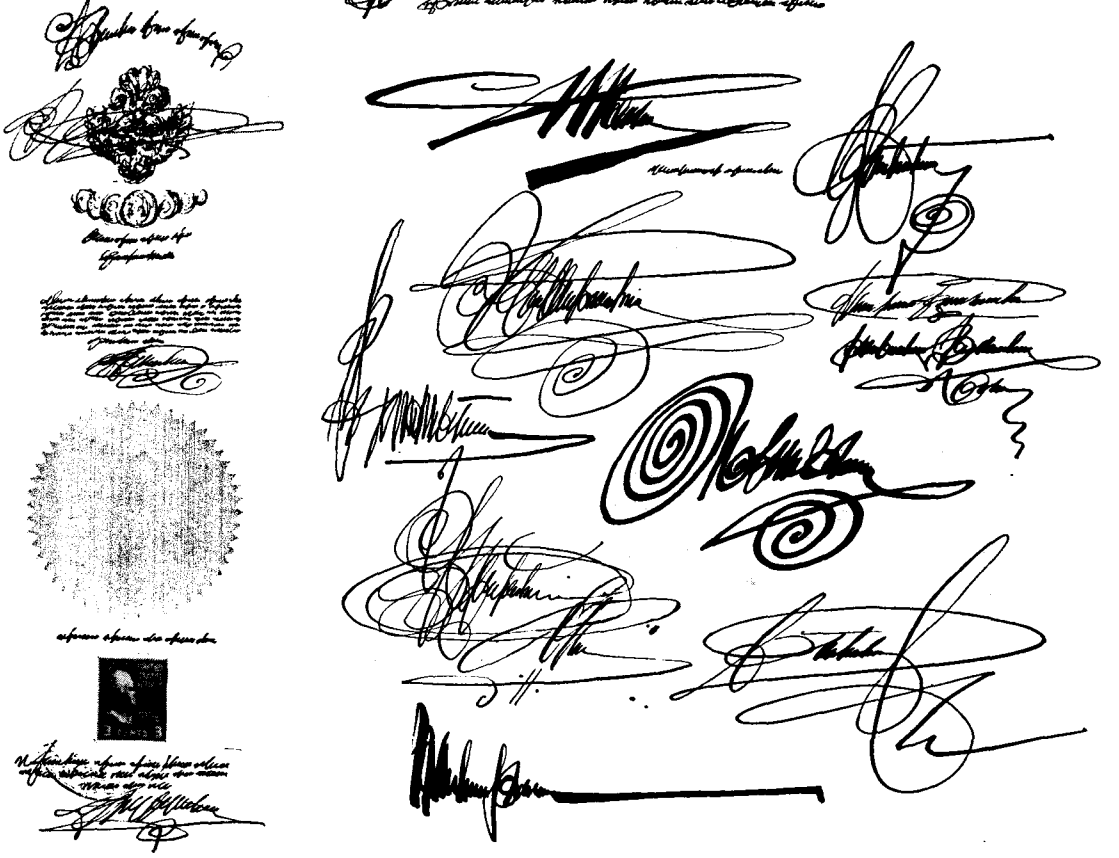

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